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THE ANCIENT WAYS.







"COLLEGE," FROM THE WARDEN'S GARDEN.

THE ANCIENT WAYS

WINCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO

BY
REV. W. TUCKWELL, M.A.

*Rector of Stockton; Late Fellow of New College, Oxford; Author of "Tongues
in Trees and Sermons in Stones"*

"Dixero si quid forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis"

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.

AND NEW YORK

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TO MY WIFE

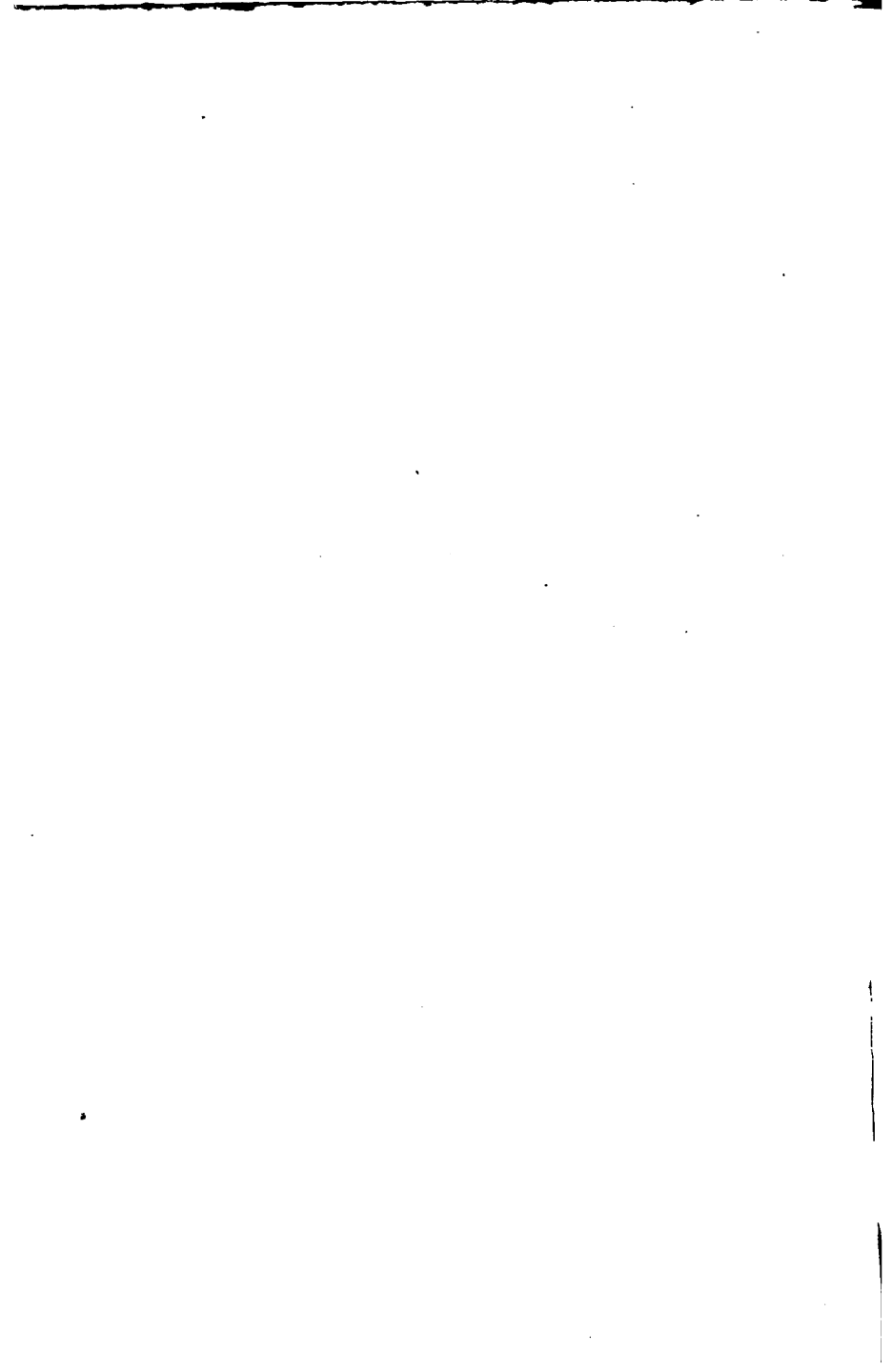
ANIMÆ DIMIDIO MEÆ

WITHOUT WHOSE APPRECIATIVE AND STIMULATING

ENCOURAGEMENT THEY WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN RECORDED,

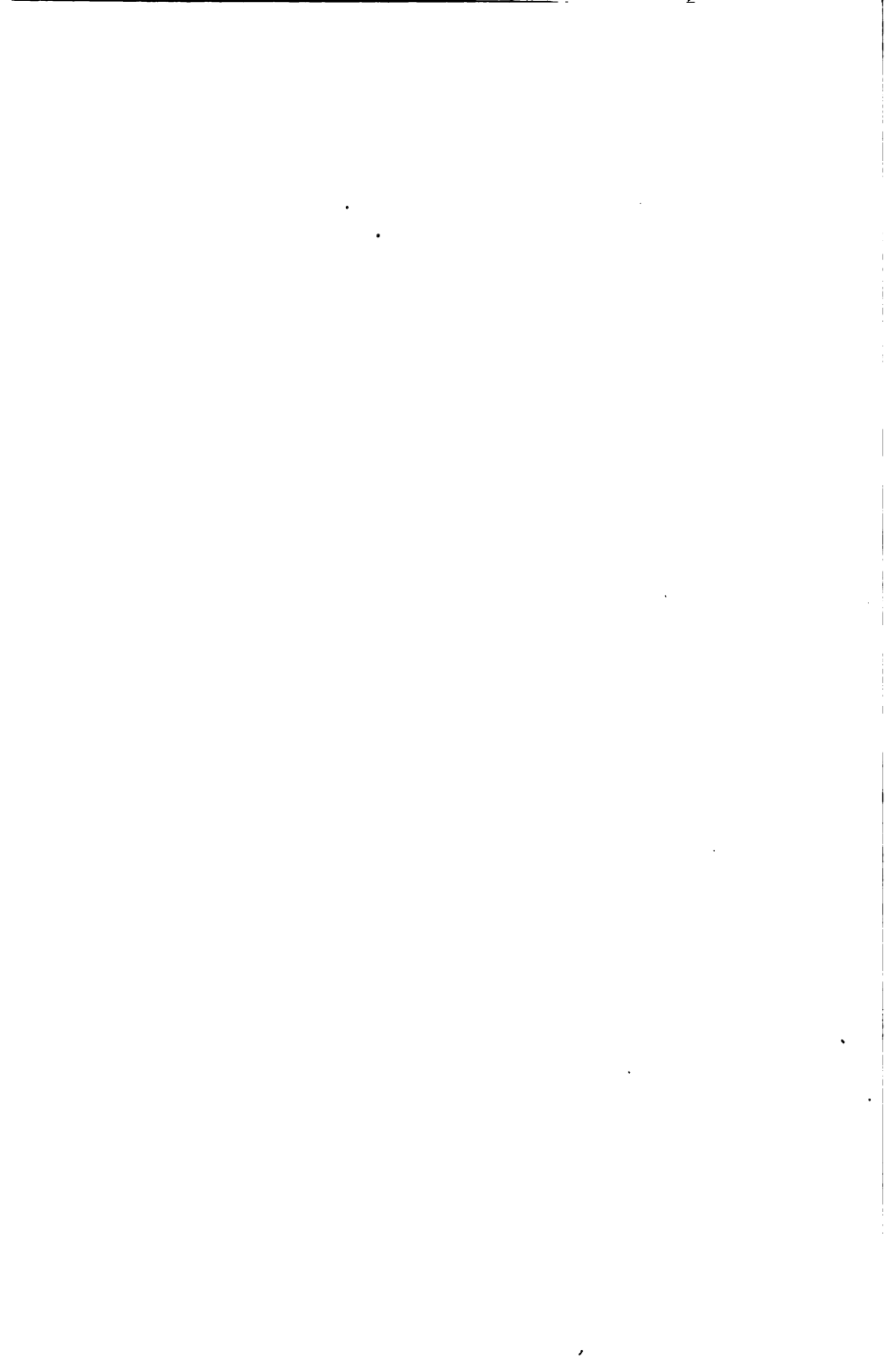
I Dedicate

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THE ANCIENT WAYS

CHAPTER I

THE CANDLESTICK

"The fatal morn arrives, and oh !
To school the blubbering boy must go."

BISHOP SHUTTLEWORTH.

THROUGH Roundell Palmer's charming lines on the four hundred and fiftieth birthday of his old school, there runs a note of rejoicing in its unchangeableness. The world around had moved, but Winchester still spoke the old words and trod in the ancient ways. In this, its five-hundredth anniversary, the jubilation loses something of its force.

The scholar of half a century ago, visiting his boyish haunts, finds many an old surrounding swept away. The constitution of his college is recast, its numbers doubled, "school" and "chambers" as he knew them are gone, white ties and bands are modernised, the black-gowned troop of brothers has ceased to climb St. Catharine's steep, and troops past Wykeham's tomb more rarely than of yore; a host of time-consecrated observances, picturesque it may be and suggestive, not seldom brutal and absurd, yet combining to create a Wykehamic *ἦθος* distinctive and unique above that of other public schools, are honoured only in the breach to-day. Belonging to a generation which was nurtured in these rude experiences, and which the fleeting years must ere long wholly disarray, I have attempted to record in a form biographic and descriptive, for the

benefit of younger Wykehamists—for the amusement possibly of an outside public—some details of a vanished past.

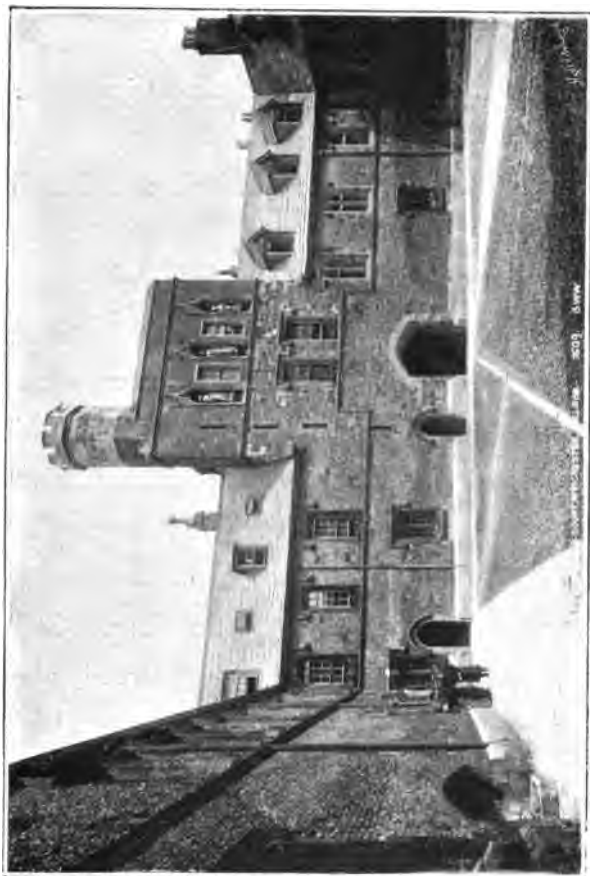
I became virtually a scholar of Winchester at three days old. My father, playing whist in New College common room, was congratulated on the birth of his son. "Yes," said he jestingly, "and how pleasant if one of you some ten or twelve years hence were to nominate him on the foundation at Winchester." A Mr. Gifford who was present took him at his word, the promise was kept in mind and carried out, and in July 1842 I went down with my father as a candidate or "Candlestick" to the Winchester election. The railroad was not opened to Oxford; we drove on a three-horse coach to Steventon, a small station on the Great Western; by rail to Reading, thence in another coach to

Basingstoke, and so again by rail to Winchester. We travelled second class ; the carriages had neither cushions nor glass windows ; and the third class carriages were open to the sky like coal trucks. The Reading and Basingstoke coach was driven by Lodder, a short man with enormous bone buttons on his ample coat. Our road lay through Stratfieldsaye, the Duke of Wellington's domain. The coachman pointed to a gentleman riding past as Sir Lowry Cole, a famous Peninsular veteran ; and at one spot Copenhagen, the Duke's Waterloo charger, cantered up to the hedge which divided his paddock from the road. He died while I was at school, and was buried in a corner of the field where his last years had been spent. At Winchester we were recommended to the George hotel, and had tea in its quaint coffee-room, partitioned into boxes,



OUTER COURT.

with sanded floor, and walls exhibiting coarse effigies of Venus and Cupid. We walked down to college in the twilight, but did not penetrate beyond the outer court, where we were greeted by R. R. Stephens, the Junior Poser, on his way to dine with the Warden. Next morning we made our way into the chamber court, encountering under "middle gate," where they were playing "pat up," two of my old Hammersmith schoolfellows, "Poll" Baker, and George Ridding, now Bishop of Southwell. The accompanying portrait, furnished to me by the kindness of a prefect, shows the graceful college gown ; but in my time—a time of high Gladstone collars—the neckcloth was white, and attached to it was a pair of bands. The gown, open ordinarily, was buttoned in the presence of a master, tucked up like the tail of a prize cart-horse during exercise ; and, except



CHAMBER COURT.

at cricket, a tall hat was worn by the eighteen prefects ; "inferiors," the plebs of the school, being always hatless within the walls.

The court was filled with "Candlesticks" and their "paters ;" for though the election was a farce, and the six or seven scholarships were known to be bespoken, men brought their sons on the chance of unexpected vacancies, or to awake interest in their behalf for following years. My father seemed to be known to every one ; for thirty years the leading surgeon at Oxford, he was a familiar figure to ten academical generations. Old fashioned in dress and manners, wearing a claret-coloured tail-coat with velvet collar, canary waistcoat with gilt buttons, light brown trousers, his chin swathed in two immense white neckcloths, his head crowned by a massive beaver hat, he was a



A COLLEGE BOY.

conspicuous personage in the crowd, and we were soon surrounded by gentlemen and college boys, who lionised us over chambers, school, and meads. Strangely it all came back to me when in 1892, just fifty years later, I made the same round with a photographer beside me, escorted by a cluster of charming prefects listening eagerly to my stories of the past. A service in the chapel was followed by medal-speaking in school. The oration which had obtained the silver medal was Strafford's defence before his judges. In the fine passage which alludes pathetically to his children the speaker pointed unluckily to a group of juniors sitting near, who, hearing themselves apostrophised as "these dear pledges whom a saint in heaven has left me," lapsed into grinning ecstasy which deranged the seriousness of the elders. From school

the Candlesticks were ushered into the election chamber ; where sat in awful state the two Wardens, of New College and Winchester, the sub-warden Heathcote, the two posers, Ogle and Stephens, arrayed the one in a velvet-sleeved proctor's gown, the other in a silk law gown, and Dr. Moberly. I had prepared with great care 100 lines of Virgil, but had not construed three before the examiner said, "That will do ; can you sing ?" I stared, and answered, "Yes." "Say," he continued, "'All people that on earth do dwell.'" I recited the line. "Thank you, you may sit down." My examination was over, and I was elected. By the founder's statutes the scholars were to be practised in singing, that they might take part in the chapel services. No doubt at some time in the history of elections their vocal attainments had been tested by a verse of the Old Hundredth. The

practice had been discontinued, but the form remained, quite in harmony with the unreality of the whole proceeding.

We were pressed to stay to the dinner in hall, and at five o'clock we found the court crowded with guests, including the cathedral clergy and several red-coated officers from the barracks. The signal for dinner was given by three resonant blows struck on the dresser with a rolling-pin by the head cook, Young, recalling the Christmas dinner at Bracebridge Hall, and the yet earlier lines in Sir John Suckling's "Wedding."

“Just in this nick the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did attend.
Each-serving man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our trainband,
Presented, and away.”

The kitchen presided over by this functionary contained a large painting known to us

as "Trusty Pig ;" the symbolical presentment of a faithful servant, expounded in its accompanying legend Latin and English. Into the hall we poured, and I took my place at the Candlesticks' table. I recall (1) a curious dish called "Stuckling," made of apples, meat, and pastry ; (2) a strong beer named "Huff," served in small ale glasses to the gentlemen ; (3) that between the first and second courses the long array of servants carrying the dishes halted in line, the guests rose and the Gospel for the week was read by a senior boy ;—a survival of the statutable rule by which during dinner one of the scholars was to read a portion of the Bible or other holy book, "*quem in silentio epulantes audiant et diligenter auscultent ;*"—(4) that the exquisite Latin grace was sung by two younger boys, whose names I was informed were Cat Bennett and Peter Codd. So ended



TRUSTY SERVANT. COPIED AS THE SIGN OF AN INN
 AT MINSTEAD NEAR LYNDEHURST.

my election ; we travelled back to Oxford next day, and there followed a six weeks' holiday at home.

“ Well, Mathter Tuckwell,” lisped “ Sugary Thompson,” the well-known print-seller in the Oxford High Street, meeting me a few days before I went to school, “ so you are going to Winchester. I advise you to get your governor to advance a sovereign or two before you go, and take some lessons in boxing at the Masonic hall.” I should have done scant justice to the recipe ; I was a puny, feeble boy, but just recovered from a dangerous illness, unfit for the roughness of a public school. But, proud to call myself a Winchester boy, “ *venturique inscius ævi*,” I climbed the Southampton coach, or “ Heavy Hampton,” on a fine morning at the end of August. The school was well

represented on the coach top : Frank Buckland and his brother Edward were there, Ogle, who closed a brilliant career while still a young man, and lies buried in the college cloisters ; Hall, son to the Master of Pembroke, and several new boys like myself. The coach dropped us at the Black Swan at Winchester, where the kind old Vicar of Twyford, Hodges, awaited us, and gave several of us a dinner at the George : then shortly before nine o'clock I went down to college to be admitted. Decked in gown and bands the neophytes knelt before the Warden, who repeated a Latin incantation, shook hands kindly, and sent us into college, where the bells were ringing for evening chapel. Prayers were read in the absence of the second master by G. B. Lee, the present Warden, and soon afterwards, we went to bed. To this moment I had

long looked forward with alarm. My mother, whom I never saw again, for she died during my first half year, had implored me to keep up the habit of kneeling to say bedside prayers, even if, as she feared, I were to find myself alone in doing so. Torn between distress at the idea of disobeying her and fear of the ridicule and insult I might encounter, I shall not forget my relief when, so soon as the door was shut, a senior boy called "Prayers," and every one knelt for some minutes in silence. The history of the innovation—for such it was, and very recent—I shall relate further on. The first two or three days of the half-year were unsettled : "commoners," that is, boys not on the foundation, did not return till the Tuesday, and lessons were brief and irregular. The older boys repeated Latin lines ; the Candlesticks were set to learn by heart the three



BISHOP KEN'S NAME IN CLOISTERS.
THO. KEN. 1656.

long hymns of Bishop Ken. He was one of the tutelary saints of the school ; his manual of prayers was in all our hands ; and his name, rudely carved by himself upon a cloister buttress, was shown with pride to visitors. In his time the cloisters were evidently open to the boys, for the walls are covered with names ; the school "went circum" around them singing hymns ; and the summer weeks, during which lessons appear to have been said in their cool precincts, continued to be known as "cloister-time." When I was at school they were out of bounds, a disused chapel in their midst containing the fellows' library, to which we were denied access.

Meanwhile the new boys were examined and placed in class, the chambers were rearranged, commoners returned, *their* new boys, known as "wild beasts," appearing in school be-

wildered and forlorn ; and the half-year's work began. And here comes in the one merciful



FELLOWS' LIBRARY, FROMONT'S CHANTRY.

dispensation which I can associate with a junior's life : we were not "in course" as

fags during the first fortnight : that time was granted us to overcome home-sickness, and to learn from without and at leisure the routine of our new experience.

But this breathing space was diversified by two incidents. The first was the quest after the "Pempe." "I say, you new fellow," some big inferior would say, "have you got your Pempe?" "My—I beg your pardon, sir, my what?" "Can't the little fool hear? and don't call a fellow sir : your *Pempe*." "I don't know what it is"—"Oh, I say, you'll catch it if you're found without it. You see that fellow yonder, go and ask him where it is." "That fellow" repudiates all knowledge of its whereabouts, impresses the necessity of its speedy acquisition, finally hands on the anxious questioner to some one else, till after various failures he is recommended to

the porter's lodge. Old Poole, the senior porter, in long blue buttoned coat, white neckcloth, and tall hat, gravely refers him to sick-house, where the merciful matron, "mother" as she was called, explains to him as to Macbeth in the dagger scene that "there's no such thing." *πέμπε μῶρον πρότερον* runs an old Greek proverb—*send a fool further*; the greater fool, the further you will succeed in sending him. A sharp boy soon read the riddle, a dull or timid boy might run the gauntlet of a dozen delighted tormentors before solving it. The second incident was "tin gloves." It was conventionally supposed that a junior's hand, doomed "*ferre inimicum ignem*," to grasp hot handles of coffee-pots, boilers, frying-pans, would be hardened by a process of searing with a "hot end," or burning brand of wood; and to this ordeal every junior

was submitted. I kicked and struggled, I remember, when I saw my Hubert preparing his implement ;

“Heat me these irons hot,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair.”

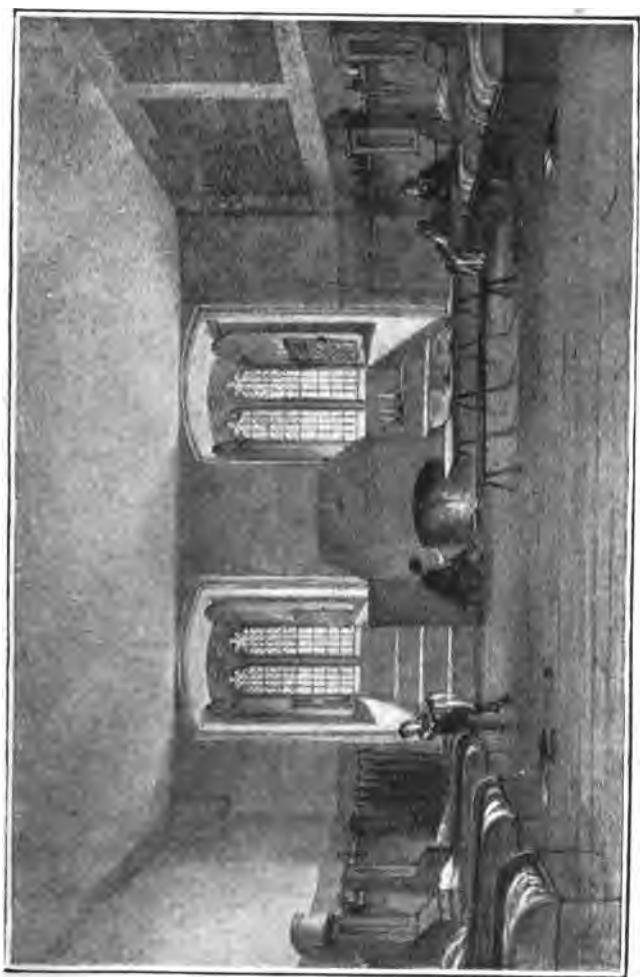
But I was captured and my hand held fast, and I can still recall the griding thrill of pain as the glowing wood was pressed upon it by the ministering fiend :—fit prologue to the continuous barbarity which was “to walk up and down with me,” as with poor Constance, throughout a year at least of college life.

CHAPTER II

THE JUNIOR

"Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem."

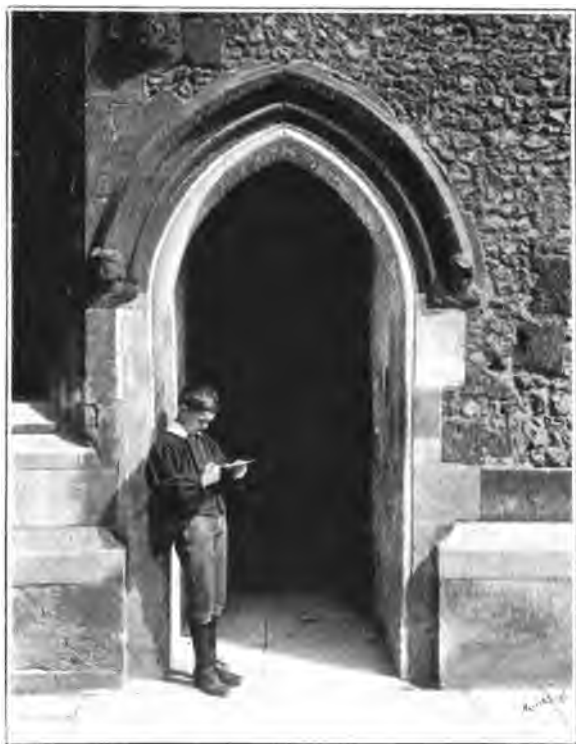
THE seventy college boys slept in seven chambers, situated on the ground floor and opening into the court ; dedicated not only to sleep, but to eating, drinking, study, from six p.m. till six a.m. Ten boys more or less lived in each ; owning a bedstead with coarse brown quilt, to which clean sheets, or "clean straw," as with delightfully historic suggestiveness it was called, were vouchsafed only in the beginning and the middle of the half-year ; a cupboard or "toys," and a chest or in some chambers



SEVENTH CHAMBER.

a set of drawers for clothes. The chamber was warmed by wooden faggots four or five feet long, supported on iron dogs in a vast open fireplace, four faggots being the nightly allowance in winter time. Round the "post" which supported the roof ran a set of bookshelves, containing the chamber library. The inmates were two, possibly three, prefects ; the special fag or "valet" of each ; certain boys who were neither fags nor prefects ; and the "junior in chambers" who was the common drudge. When the chambers were settled for the half-year I found myself "junior in fourth." Let me describe a day of my life in that capacity. It is half-past five in the morning, and the junior is haply dreaming of home, when a harsh voice calls through the keyhole of the locked door, "First peal in the fourth, Mr. Tuckwell, first peal." Mr. Tuckwell,

an urchin of twelve years old, starts up, throws on hastily a pair of braces or some such light attire, unlocks the door, and admits "Rat Williams," a little old man shouldering a hamper, who with his colleague "Martin" bears away the dirty boots. Remitting ablutions as irrelevant, Mr. Tuckwell lights a fire, "sweeps up," fills the basin, calls the boys,—a process requiring nice discrimination, since imperfectly roused sleepers take vengeance on the omission to awake them, and those who are too rudely disturbed respond with a missile or a blow. Then boots are to be fetched from "shoe-hole," a fearful guard kept on the flying minutes, the junior for that purpose "watching out" in the court. "Second peal"—"Bells go single"—"Moberly through"—"Moberly in"—"Prefect of chapel through"—"Prefect of Chapel in"—are successively



WATCHING OUT.

shouted into the chamber ; till at the last announcement a mad rush ensues into chapel, where the prefect is calling names. The

short service over, we were locked into the school court, with an hour before us in which to learn lines for morning school. But presently a cry of "Junior" would peal from one or another prefect, and half a dozen juniors, like Malvolio's servants, with an obedient start make for him. "Go and mug (oil and clean) this bat"—"Go and call Porter at Seventh Chamber Gate, and get me a 'Tizzy Poole' or fives ball"—"Go and shout at Blue Gate for La Croix, and get me a pint of coffee and some bread and butter." So the hour of preparation sped, and the lines were *not* known for morning school.

Breakfast was at half-past eight in hall, and here the junior had a twofold function to discharge: he was "breakfast-fag" to some prefect, for whom probably butter was to be washed, and pork chops or sausages to be fried: and he was "junior at

end;" slave, that is, to a group of eight or ten boys, whose table or "end" was to be served. These offices performed, he might forage for his own trencher, roll, pat of butter, at the three butteries or "hatches," known as



HALL.

Purver's, Dear's, Colson's. Fierce was the struggle at their breast-high doors, at the bread hatch especially, where Dear, the old Artopta, was waggish, garrulous, and slow. Once in this contest a boy, whom we looked

upon as "cracked," and who died shortly afterwards, drew his knife across my finger, nearly severing the joint, and leaving a scar for life.

"And there it is unto this day,
To witness if I lie."

The tea was obtained in mugs from La Croix's table. It was wet, and it was hot, and that was all ; and one drank warily after the first few sips, to avoid disturbing the bank of sand with which the "bangy" or brown sugar, selling in those days for sixpence a pound, had been adulterated by the thrifty confectioner. Knives were scarce articles ; a junior mostly went without, digging into the butter with a sharp edge of crust, and eating it in fragmentary lumps alternate with the bread. Physiologically, I suppose, it made no difference ; but the system lacked repose.

From half-past nine to twelve was Middle School, a comparatively peaceful time. "Twelve to one" was sacred to games. The fags "watched out" at cricket in summer, "kicked in" at football in winter: it is hard to say which ordeal was more hateful. To a little boy a cricket-ball swiftly bowled or "swiped" was as terrible as a cannon ball. The first time a "*pila icta bacillo*," as old Christopher Johnson calls it, came my way, I deftly let it pass and ran after it; I can hear to-day the strident, high-pitched voice of V. C. Smith, the Captain of the Eleven, whose bat had propelled it, "Fetch up that ball, and then come here." I stood before him—a big strong boy of nineteen or twenty; for being "Founder's Kin" he remained at school after the usual age of superannuation. "Why did you shirk that ball?"—and as he spoke he gave me a

“clow” or box on the ear which knocked me down and left the glands swollen and painful for days. I have seen “middle stump” laid heavily on the loins of a little boy for the same offence. *Per contra* a fag who made a catch was released for the rest of the hour. The result was that with whatever detriment to fingers, skin, chest, or face, we somehow stopped the balls. We watched out bareheaded. I have felt my hair so hot as to be painful to the touch, and have seen the heads of other juniors steaming in the sun. At last a boy called Lewis was struck down with brain fever after several hours of this sport : his father wrote to the *Times* ; a bitter correspondence ensued ; with the result that an edict went forth empowering the fags to wear hats while in the cricket field. “Kicking in” was not less irksome ; football was played

between two rows of low posts threaded with ropes, and lined on the outside with juniors, whose business was to kick in, prevent the ball, that is, from rolling out of bounds. In its abrupt and rapid turns this was difficult, for the fags stood five or six yards apart, liable to the summary vengeance of a player who had the ball before him and found himself defrauded of his kick. But I think the bitter and persistent cold was worse than the casual pommelling. We were not allowed to wear our gowns, but stood in the jacketless sleeved cloth waistcoat which was the college uniform, shivering in a December day, looking anxiously to the cathedral clock face visible from one or two points through the plane trees of the 'Meads' or playground. On Fridays, when there was a chapel service from eleven to twelve, the word used to be

passed round amongst the fags in all seriousness, with some faint recollection perhaps of the Tishbite on Mount Carmel, to "pray for rain." The abandonment of kicking in, and the substitution of high canvas walls to the football course, was another of the good deeds with which later on I shall decorate the memory of Charles Wordsworth.

From one to a quarter past was given to preparation for dinner ; the seniors washed and dressed in a lavatory scripturally designated " Moab ;" the fags kept out of the way both of the seniors and of cold water. At 1.15 we went up in hall. Six days in the week the dinner was mutton : two Southdown sheep were brought into the kitchen daily ; the saddles, legs, shoulders, supplied the higher tables ; the juniors had the " racks." I have never been able to determine the anatomy of

these helpings or “dispers” as they were called: they consisted of a long bone with a small piece of meat attached, through which the spit had passed, leaving a large



TRENCHER, GOMER, JORUM, BLACK JACK ON A
WASHING STOOL.

green scar. We had a quarter of a pound of bread, potatoes in a pewter dish or “gomer,” beer brought up from the cellar in mighty leathern “black jacks,” and served in pewter

“jorums.” At the end of the hall was an iron-bound “tub” or cask, vast as the *δοιοὶ πίθοι* beside Jove’s throne in the *Iliad*. Into it the uneaten food was thrown pell-mell



SCHOOL.

to be divided amongst the poor who thronged the court after we had left the hall. Let us hope they consumed the racks : we found them altogether inedible.



SCOB.

Afternoon school lasted from two till six ;
in the vast schoolroom, lighted at that time



TABULA LEGUM.

only by candles in sconces ; the boys sitting
at their “scobs” or movable desks, while
commoners were accommodated also at



AUT DISCE.

friendly scobs, or sat at two long "commoner tables." Against the walls were the "Tabula Legum," or rules of the school, and the curious

“Aut disce” tablet, offering the threefold alternative of study, with a mitre as its reward; timely withdrawal to wield the lawyer’s pen or soldier’s sword; the “sors



HEAD-MASTER'S SEAT.

tertia” of the rods, which stood throughout school time in a compartment of the Head-master’s seat, and were used when school ended. Order was preserved by two prefects,

the "Ostarius" or door-keeper, and the "Bible-clerk," exempted from lessons for police work, and armed each with his ground ash. At six o'clock we rose and stood in ranks, while the prefect of school read a form of thanks for the "religion and good learning" which, by the bounty of our Founder, we had imbibed throughout the day; and the junior relapsed once more from the student into the bondsman.

Unbroken were his toils during the next hour and a half. In chambers the half-faggot was to be lighted, the great kettle filled and hung, the boilers or coffee-pots and "toe pan-boilers" placed on the iron bar which fronted the fire. Then, smutty with these tasks, the junior rushed up in hall, encountering on the staircase the "deputy"—a boy whose function it was to "cut into" belated fags with his ground ash, and who

discharged that duty resolutely—to find himself menacingly awaited in his double capacity of breakfast fag and junior at end. For the



HALF-FAGGOT.

“end” he had to fill the “bob,” or gallon jug, with beer from the cellar, to make the mustard, replenish the salt-trencher and

pepper-box, then to get supper for his prefect lord. On Tuesdays cold roast beef was provided for the prefects' tables ; it was eatable, but capable of improvement by the addition of fried potatoes. So the breakfast fag pounded and mixed potatoes, saved from dinner, with butter, salt, pepper ; fried, and tossed, and browned them. Thursday's beef was unsavoury without further cooking : it was fried with sliced onions and served with made gravy. On other nights the supper consisted of coarse cheese, which required toasting. A trencher was covered with thin bread, surmounted by slices of cheese, and held to the fire at an obtuse angle till the cheese was toasted ; then pepper and mustard were laid on thickly, and again heated till they rose in blisters on the surface of the cheese, when the savoury viand was presented. Of course these processes left the fag no time for

supper ; so soon as they were concluded he had to forage for knives and trenchers, to be taken down into chambers for "mess," a private meal of tea and coffee enjoyed by the prefects and by the boys who had "got off fagging." They were in the custody of a hideous old servitor called Purver, twin brother in manner and appearance to the crazy storekeeper who bought David Copperfield's jacket at Chatham ; and had to be abstracted from him by stratagem : without the proper complement a junior dared not show himself in chambers ; and if he lingered long to obtain them penalties awaited his unpunctuality. Down he came at last, "swept up" in hot haste, put on a fresh half-faggot, cleaned the greasy candlesticks attached, with mould candle, snuffer, and extinguisher, to each set of toys ; keeping the while chronometrical note of fleeting time by

watching out for and heralding the quarters as they struck until half-past seven. During this time mess went on merrily, the valets waiting on their masters, the other boys upon themselves. Sometimes a good-natured philanthropist would present a junior with "Sus," the much diluted residuum of his own tea or coffee ; otherwise, as at supper time so at mess time, he practised abstinence. From half-past seven till nine was "toy-time" ; the boys preparing their lessons, and the prefects seated at their washing-stools or private tables, keeping rigid order ; while the juniors went into the election chamber to improve their minds by Bland's verses, under the superintendence of Lee, the composition tutor. In chambers during toy-time prevailed a curious custom. In early English history, as the readers of Sir H. Maine or of J. R. Green are aware, no stranger might approach



TOYS.

a village without sounding a horn as notice of his coming : so at Winchester no "peregrine" might turn the handle of a chamber

door without whistling to show that the visitor was a boy not a master. If, as happened now and then, a boy was physically incapable of whistling, he must cry "Scaldings" —*i.e.* "Soundings;" from the old English *scellan*, whence comes the Scandinavian *scald*, a sounder aloud or singer of heroic poems. Heavy penalties were annexed to the omission of the ceremony; I imagine that we were unconscious alike of its historical and its philological force.

A few minutes before nine the chapel bell began; at once from every chamber might be seen to issue a junior bearing on the end of a stick a red-hot plate of iron, which he cooled in water from the tap or "conduit" in the court. These were the "functioners," fitting into a staple over the fireplaces, and supporting a farthing dip to be burnt as a nightlight. Formerly, so the story

ran, the boys slept in darkness ; but a junior, vengeful beyond his years, conceived the idea of murdering in the night a boy who had bullied



FUNCTIONOR.

him intolerably. He sharpened a knife, stole in the darkness to his tyrant's bed, and stabbed him to the heart ; but in the morning the

tyrant rose up unhurt, while in the next bed lay the assassin's brother dead : he had miscounted the beds in his nervousness. The effigy of a bloody hand on the wall commemorated the terrible incident ; and a night-light was introduced into each chamber, presumably that the mistake might not be repeated. The candles guttering down covered the functioner with grease ; it was cleansed by being thrown into the ashes, where it soon became red-hot, and was cooled as we have seen. It not only ruled as a lesser light by night, but ministered to the "scheme," an invention by which, when the seniors wanted extra time for reading, the junior was waked at an early hour, that he might call them. A string attached to the socket of the functioner was passed through the wooden canopy of the junior's bed, supporting books or trenchers tied up in a towel, and suspended exactly above his sleeping head.

The rushlight was measured off and shortened to burn the requisite number of hours, and so arranged that as the light burned down it should kindle paper disposed around the string: the string gave way, and down came the bundle on the sleeper's head.

Chapel over, and prayers said, the junior lighted the function for the night, and filled the toe-pan. In those days men and boys washed their faces, hands, feet ; and, except in summer bathing, that was all. "Our ancestors," says Thackeray, "were the Great Unwashed." Toe-pan, however, was essential ; it was placed by the Toys of the boy whose turn had come to purify, and filled from the toe-pan boilers. But we have said that there were on an average ten boys in a chamber, and there are but seven nights in the week ; how were the necessities adjusted of the three remaining over ? By a simple process, known as "second

edition :” on three nights in the week the toe-pan already used was drawn to the bedside of the supernumerary, and his alluvium added to its deposit. To bed and to sleep now went the tired junior ; but disturbance was still in store for him. The prefects sitting up wanted the “ mess-towel,” or “ fire-paper ” for a fresh half faggot, and he was naturally roused to find them ; or beer was required for egg-flip, and the “ nipperkin ” holding the beer was in his custody ; or his snores demanded rough suppression ; or it was thought that a bolster-match between him and “ second junior ” would be an improving spectacle ; or he was “ launched,” or “ to-fit-tied.” To “ launch ” was to pull mattress, bed-clothes, and inmate briskly off the bedstead, the inmate falling on the floor, or into a neatly adjusted toe-pan. “ To-fit-ti,” a term borrowed from the *As in Præsent*i of the *Eton Latin Grammar*, was

effected by tying a pair of bands or a bat-string round the slumberer's toe, and pulling at it sharply ; his terrified awakening and cries of pain yielded obvious delight. So somehow, and at last, the "dies tam niger" wore itself away, and in default of other use for him the junior was allowed to rest.

For a year I remained junior in chambers, first in fourth, afterwards in seventh chamber : then for two years I was a valet, no longer a universal drudge, but allocated to a special master, and dependent on his humanity or harshness. In this hazard I was fairly fortunate. One prefect whom I served was looked upon as a bully, but was uniformly kind to me ; he was eminent at games, and was known as "pruff," insensible to or proof against pain. It was on record that in a football "hot" he received a kick which was

heard all over the field. Like the Dying Gladiator he too "heard it, but he heeded not ;" he went on with his game, remarking with a chuckle, "somebody got that !" Another of my suzerains was ordinarily kind, but liable to paroxysms of rage. I was sitting up in bed one night doing Latin verse, while he was at his washing-stool. Something that I said angered him ; he grasped the short heavy iron shovel in the fireplace and flung it at me with all his force. I ducked behind the mahogany writing-desk which stood beside me on my toys ; the missile took off a corner of it as clean as by the stroke of a hatchet. Had my head been there, I should not be now recording the adventure. So passed three years ; after which we were still liable though rarely subject to occasional fagging ; we had "got off valet," and were upon the whole our own masters. I felt myself grow-

ing in body and mind ; enjoyed school-work, received praise for composition and construes. I still possess several of my "verse tasks," with preceptorial words of eulogy in the margin, and can recall the warm encomium passed once on my construe of Orpheus and Eurydice in the Fourth Georgic, by the master, Hermann Prior, an eccentric, enthusiastic scholar. In 1847 I was made "Prefect of Hall," captain that is and commandant of the whole school both college and commoners. It was said by them of old time that there were three absolute rulers in the world ; the Great Mogul, the captain of a man of war, and the prefect of hall at Winchester. Even in my time his power for good or evil was incalculable, sustained by centuries of precedent, and by the whole force of magisterial authority. Once only a boy, too big for me to coerce physically, rebelled against my power. I

referred the matter to Moberly, the boy being a commoner and under his jurisdiction : he was flogged, and vanished from the school. I met him afterwards at Oxford, and he bore no malice. Feeling strongly the serious responsibility of my new position, I set myself to the abatement of existing evils. There was a time-honoured abuse by which our "battlings," or shilling a week pocket-money, was given away to certain old college servants, already in receipt of pensions, and with no claim on the boys, who were not consulted as to this compulsory benevolence. I retain a letter from one of these old parasites, soliciting the customary ~~sum~~. To this confiscation I put a stop at once, paying out the battlings, which passed through my hands, to the junior in each chamber, with a command to give every boy his shilling. If any one then chose to subsidise Cruty, or Long John,

or Short John, or Bill Bright, or any other mendicant, he might do so—it would be no affair of mine. Of course the boys retained the money, and I earned their gratitude. The next reform was of a more serious kind. I knew that certain vendors or sweets and pastry were in the habit of taking “On Hills” (p. 63) ginger-beer bottles filled with brandy and selling it to the boys. I called together some of the big commoners who were not prefects; put it to them that the custom was blackguardly and mischievous, that I was determined to stop it somehow, but that they could aid me in ending it informally and without scandal if they pleased. They met me good-humouredly and promised to act at once. Accordingly, on the next half-holiday, when I had sent the boys on to the hill, and was walking with some other seniors at its foot, we beheld three discomfited spirit

merchants, with empty baskets, deranged garments, and in one case with a bleeding nose, descending angry and forlorn. The boys had ordered them to clear out and not to come again ; they had been cheeky, had shown fight, had of course been routed ignominiously, and came to me blustering about legal remedy. I recommended them to take the matter into court, and promised that I would enlighten the magistrate. They slunk away, and never appeared again. Later in my year of office I had to meet a case of cruel bullying by a college prefect. I took counsel with the other seniors, and in our joint names cautioned him ; on his persisting I brought the offence before the Warden ; an inquiry was held, and the tyrant "lost his hat," was degraded, that is, from his rank as prefect.

I 1848 I won the Queen's Silver Medal for Oratory and Gold Medal for English Com-

position. I proudly preserve them both, and I have also the victorious essay. Its subject, "The Moral Effects of the Love of Praise," is still pencilled in my school Horace as I took it down from Moberly's lips ; it reads to me as a very fair performance. When the electors came down in July, I received them as the head of the school with the "Ad Portas," a Latin oration at the college gates. That, too, I have preserved (p. 167). It happened that the second master, F. Wickham, had been lately married, and I introduced a compliment to his bride and himself. She was present with her husband : at the words "*qui matrimonii gaudia jam nuper tentavit*," he looked at her ; she blushed, and a smile went round the grave and reverend seniors. Not long ago I met a lady, an old friend of Mrs. Wickham, to whom at the time she had written an account

of the incident. "They said"—so ran her letter—"they said it was fine Latin, and it was a handsome lad who spoke it!" The



NAME IN SIXTH.

severe ordeal of the election followed ; I have the roll of elected scholars in the old Warden's handwriting with my name at the

head,—for which, according to custom, I gave a guinea to his butler who brought it to me. So I left Winchester for New College ; and nothing was left of me except my name on a marble tablet above the prefect of hall's bed in sixth chamber.

CHAPTER III

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

“My son, of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly.”

COLERIDGE'S *Piccolomini*.

IF to transcribe my record of a junior's life has compelled me to evoke painful memories, pleasanter associations are awakened, and a brighter side of Winchester life depicted, in the annals of our institutions and customs which I have next to chronicle. Mention has been made of “Hills.” Now a mere chalk eminence, disfigured by a hideous railway cutting, Mons Catharina stands out picturesquely in the recollection of older

Wykehamists. It rises a mile from the college, girdled half-way up by a deep fosse, Roman or Danish, and crowned with a clump of beeches. Thither went the whole school



ST. CATHARINE'S HILL.

twice or thrice a week, coerced like the souls in the *Odyssey* by the *ῥάβδος χρυσεῖη* of prefect of hall ; the inferiors ascending the hill, the patrician prefects wandering below at will, with the privilege of “taking off”

as a companion any inferior whom they pleased.

“And in the grey of morning, on every Saint’s Day
still,
That black-gowned troop of brothers was winding
up the hill,
There in the hollow trench, which the Danish pirate
made,
Or through the broad encampment the peaceful
scholars played.”

It yielded a noble view ; below was the pretty town, not yet overbuilt, with the graceful tower of the college, and the heavy Saurian length of the cathedral. In front was “Oliver’s battery,” whence Cromwell’s cannon awed the city into surrender ; an old Wykehamist, Colonel Fiennes, marching his regiment straight to the college, to save it from the wreck and plunder which befell the town. Through a gap in the hill-ranges rolled the silver Itchen to the sea, and beyond it was visible on a fine day the Isle of Wight,

audible at all times the faint throb of the Spithead guns. Behind stretched for many a mile the bare treeless Twyford Downs ; while on the right stood up the Semaphore Hill, on which was planted the curious post with movable arms, by which at that time, when electricity was an infant, news was cumbrously flashed along a chain of heights from Portsmouth to London. Readers of *Monte Christo* will remember how the count, "délivrant un jardinier des loirs qui lui mangeaient ses pêches," bribed the manipulator of the télégraphe at Montléry to falsify the message which should send down the funds, and ruin M. Danglars. From one to two hours was spent upon the hill top. Cricket, football, prisoners' base, rounders, were played ; entomologists hunted blues and coppers ; some "peaceful scholars" dug up the field mice which swarmed in the shallow

turf, to be taken home, immured in scobs, fed on nuts and apples ; others regaled on " grub " vended by " Mother Argos," a little withered old woman, who toiled up the steep with her two heavy baskets. Often one of the regiments quartered at the barracks came to shoot in the long valley below. It was in the reign of the old smooth-bore muzzle-loader " Brown Bess," which would hardly hit a haystack at a hundred yards. A large target was set up, and the soldiers shot in turn. If the target were touched, a thrill of pleasure ran through the spectators ; if by rare good fortune the bull's eye was hit, a bugle was blown, and five shillings presented to the marksman. On winter mornings there was usually a badger hunt. The badger was brought on in a sack, turned out and headed for the downs. Then prefects and their *protégés* started off in chase. A badger's

ambling, clumsy gait is really swift, and taxed our best energies to keep up with him. If he took refuge in a hedgerow or a hole, he was driven out with dogs ; and so for ten miles out sometimes and ten miles back again the chase was followed, ending just in time to hear the loud "On" of prefect of hall, which brought the boys down the hill for the return home. If it rained heavily, the boys ran home without keeping rank or waiting for the signal : this was called "skirmishing on." In the summer evenings we had "Evening Hills" ; not ascending St. Catharine's, but free to wander through the water meads. Delicious meads they were : year after year even now when the 8th of May comes round, I say to myself with a spring of recollection—"on this day evening Hills began." They were traversed by three broadish rivers, Simmonds', Old Barge, and

the canal ; with countless smaller streams, ranging from "Adam and Eve," some twelve feet wide, to tiny irrigating rivulets. They yielded many bathing places : Tunbridge, Dalmatia, Bungay's Corner, Pot, Milkhole, Waterman's Hut. Pot was a disused lock, twenty feet deep ; Waterman's Hut was a rush—a "roush" we called it—against which only a strong swimmer could make way. At about fifteen years old I began tentatively to cleave the glassy wave in the shallower Tunbridge, and had achieved flotation to the extent of three or four successive strokes, when a senior boy, now a shining light at the bar, spied me from the bank, and told me I should go into Pot next day. I expressed alarm in vain. "I will pick you out if you sink, but"—he condescendingly added—"you won't sink." So next day in I went. I remember the first terror at finding no

bottom, the instinctive striking out. "Not so quick," he shouted, and confidence came to me : I crossed the pool and came back again, a swimmer. Not long afterwards I saved a boy's life in the same place : he turned out badly, poor fellow, in after life ; the angel of Parnell's hermit, had he been beside me, would probably have held my hand and suffered him to drown. The accompanying view of the river is from "Domum Wharf." Upon it grew an elm called "Domum Tree," whose site is I believe still marked by a "Domum Cottage." About two hundred years ago—no one knows the date, and I suppose no one altogether believes the legend—a boy was condemned for some reason to spend his holidays at school. Melancholy and unfriended he dragged out solitary days beside the river under the shade of the tree, weaving his wretchedness into the



DOMUM WHARF.

fine Latin song which not Wykehamists alone know as “Dulce Domum” ; finally drowning

in the river himself and his despair. No one has ever succeeded in translating the lines effectively ; Charles Wordsworth attempted them, but English verse was not his forte. The music, attributed to Reading, is singularly felicitous ; beneath the joyous strain moves an undercurrent of melancholy, manifest when it is sung by trained voices and in vocal parts, not bawled in the *Discordia Concors* of home-going schoolboys.

Fishing was confined to the seniors ; the streams swarmed with trout, but to throw a fly in those clear chalk-bottomed waters required no small skill and practice. I was a devoted and successful brother of the angle, abandoning cricket, from which indeed I was always alienated by the memory of clows and of middle stump. Some of our piscatory methods would have scandalised Izaak Walton ; I shall have to confess later

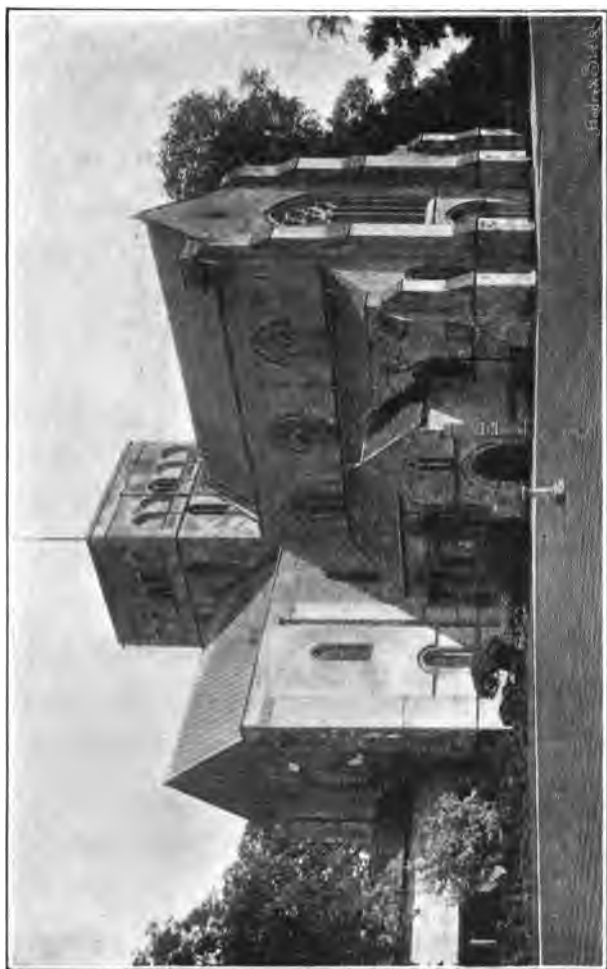
on that Frank Buckland and myself were inveterate and shameless poachers. Ignobler game than trout satisfied the juniors ; "crays," or crawfish, were dislodged from behind stones and roots ; or "Tom Culls," better known as Miller's Thumbs, were speared cruelly enough with forks or pen-knives fastened to long sticks. Prescription accorded to these victims a close time, which terminated on Good Friday, a day known consequently as Tom-Cull-day. In winter, when fishing, poaching, bathing, were alike unseasonable, the seniors would walk to St. Cross, sometimes refreshing at the house of a queer old fellow known as Jupiter. St. Cross is the original of Hiram's Hospital in Trollope's *Warden* ; the legal proceeding as to malversation of its emoluments is historical, though much altered to suit the machinery of the novel. It was a noble



ST. CROSS. QUADRANGLE.

building, reared in the twelfth century by Henry of Blois, King Stephen's brother, as a hospice or almshouse for old men, who attended service in the fine Norman chapel, and crawled about their quadrangle in black gown with silver badge. By the founder's statutes any wayfarer could demand at the porter's lodge a horn of beer and manchet of bread ; a bequest still maintained, and which we boys certainly did not permit to fall into disuse.

The school games were cricket, football, and bat-fives, with an informal cricket, known as "small crockets," played with tizzy poole and wicket stump. Tizzy poole was a sixpenny tennis ball, bought of Poole the head-porter, a grave man in long blue coat, white neck-cloth, and tall hat, who sold also "snacks" or fivesballs, and bags of small brown bullet-like



ST. CROSS. CHAPEL.

pears known as "Poole's pears." There was besides an under-porter, named Joel after the Minor Prophet : his predecessor was Obadiah, his immediate successor Nahum ; and I found his *ειδωλον* last year in the lodge, answering to the name of Habakkuk. Cricket matches were played between College and Commoners ; sometimes with a regimental eleven ; the annual matches, now discontinued, between Eton, Harrow, and Winchester, took place at Lord's. There were two football matches in the year, "twenty-two and twenty-two," and "six and six" ; the first less exciting from the large numbers in the narrow field, the other a tremendous exhibition of skill and savagery, one or more maimed boys being habitually carried in the course of it to "sick house," and their places taken by others. I remember an old Peninsular officer witnessing a six and

six, and telling us that he would rather charge a French regiment than go into a Winchester "hot." I remember too the sneer with which a distinguished scholar, looking on at a twenty-two, styled football "the accomplishment of a hippopotamus." The branch of antique athletics known formerly as "Pugilatus" was not neglected: fights in college came off on a triangular slip of grass called "Sicily"; in commoners at a still removed place, under the class-room windows. The most serious fight in my time was on Hills, between two commoners named Malleson and Twopenny. It was obstinately maintained, and the combatants were much disfigured: they washed the filthy witness from their faces before going home, but both retired into invalid seclusion for many days.

Of sedentary games there were very few

Some boys played chess, draughts, backgammon, none, I think, cards. Sometimes two boys who were "bulky," flush of money that is, would toss for tizzies ; and we always had a Derby sweepstakes. In 1845 I drew the field ; some one offered me two shillings for it, but a fellow whose father was on the Turf said, "Don't, never sell the field, you don't know what may happen," so I kept it. It was a wet May, raining incessantly for a fortnight before the day ; and the course was a quagmire : the favourites were nowhere, and the race was won by a powerful horse called Merry Monarch, who came up from the under world ; and I swept the stakes. Thirty years afterwards I was in company with Mr. Crawford the great Turfite. The talk turned on Derby winners, and no one could remember the horse of 1845. I told it, to Mr. Crawford's great delight : he came over and sat by me after dinner and

entertained me with racing anecdotes ; and as I discreetly held my tongue, went away believing that I was an authority on Turf annals.

Only once, I think, a play was acted. It was *Bombastes Furioso*, and was presented creditably in seventh chamber. Distaffina was a boy called Stephens, I forget the other actors. Cooking was a very popular indulgence, carried on at night when we ought to have been asleep. Bedward discipline was curiously unreal. In theory, inferiors went to bed directly after chapel, prefects at 10 o'clock, when the lights were, still in theory, extinguished for the night. In fact, nearly all the boys sat up in bed preparing work, and prefects kept late hours, which they cheered by the composition of treacle posset, egg flip, apple dumplings boiled in white neckcloths, puddings, and other delights. Sometimes a

master "came about," unlocked the chamber door, and burst into the midst of us, but rarely indeed were any of us caught :—as he approached the window the chamber was ablaze with lights ; when he entered all the lights were out, and all the boys apparently asleep ; and unless he could detect a culprit he was bound by custom to assume that the silence and the sleep were genuine. One night a plum pudding, tied up in a towel, was boiling merrily in the toe-pan boiler, when the head-master came about : the chamber was wrapped in prompt and deep repose, but the pudding was wobbling clamorously in its boiler. He lifted the lid, looked in, stirred up the junior—"Take that thing out, and meet me with it presently at Middle Gate"—and he went on his rounds. Every boy jumped up ; socks, vests, kerchiefs, were hastily soaked in water, done up cunningly in a towel, the whole soused

in the boiler ; and the junior went with the dripping substitute to meet the master. “Throw it up, Sir ”—down it came with a



“SANDS” ; THE FLAGSTONE IN FRONT OF CHAPEL.

splash upon the flags. “Throw it up again ”—down once more it came flattened out and shapeless. “Now you may go back and eat your pudding.” Back the junior went, to find

the real pudding served up and in rapid process of partition.

A few boys were musical : towards the end of my time access was granted us to a room called "Potato-room," opening from hall stairs, where was a small organ, and there some of us practised glees. The strains of "Chough and Crow," "The Red Cross Knight," "Ye spotted Snakes," "Hark the Lark," "Glorious Apollo," float up to me through the years. We also sang catches at mess in the summer evenings, the fags arranging our washing stools under the chapel buttresses. Our performances I suspect were very rude.

A great number of boys were readers both of poetry and prose. In the forties Byron was still the rage ; many of us knew through and through not only *Don Juan*, but *Childe Harold* and the Tales. Moore, now abso-

lutely forgotten, was no less popular ; I could once repeat whole yards of *Lalla Rookh*. Campbell attracted us by his drum and trumpet lines ; Scott of course ; Tom Hood ; Southey, strange to say ; a few boys, of whom I was one, read Wordsworth and Coleridge, fewer still the *Christian Year*. Young Mr. Tennyson was little known ; I never saw a copy of his poems, and first learnt of him by reading the "Dying Swan" in the *Anthologia Oxoniensis*, and by hearing Moberly repeat with exquisite intonation some of the "Oh Mother Ida" lines from *Ænone*. In prose we were all loyal to the Waverleys ; we read G. P. R. James's novels, remembered now only through Thackeray's *Barbazure* ; the *Last of the Mohicans* and its exciting kinsfolk ; Sir Bulwer Lytton's *Pelham*, *Devereux*, *The Disowned* ; Disraeli's *Henrietta Temple* and *Wondrous Tale of Alroy* ; Ainsworth's

weird *Tower of London, Windsor Castle, Jack Sheppard* especially. Lever, of course, we devoured, were in love with insipid Lucy Dashwood, and thought Fred Power a mould of manliness ; Marryat equally of course. Dickens's green numbers were appearing month by month ; Thackeray's yellows had not burst upon the world, but the "Snob Papers" were every week in *Punch*, which was sent to many boys from home. Prefects took in the *Times* ; I remember on the 11th of April, 1848, getting it to myself while the other seniors were playing in Two Guinea Match, and reading the long account of the Chartist collapse in London on the day before. Books like the *Wandering Jew* and the *Mysteries of Paris* were handed round quietly, not generally read. I owed much myself to Warton's *Essay on Pope*, and first learned to enjoy Charles Lamb. A host of queer books besides, which

I have never since seen, come back to me with strange distinctness ; *Valentine Vox, Gideon Giles the Roper, Rhydisel, or the Devil in Oxford, Crohoore of the Bill-hook.* How many of them have floated down the stream of time I know not ; it is no great loss if they have been whelmed.

Our holidays were rather frequent. At least once a week we had a "Remedy" or partial holiday, when we went on Hills, and sat in school for "Books Chambers"—meaning of phrase unknown—no master being present, but a prefect keeping order while we worked at our Latin composition. In token that the Remedy or Half-remedy was granted, a gold ring, called Remedy ring, inscribed anciently with the legend "*Potentiam gero feroque,*" but in my time with the words "*Commendat rarior usus,*" was given by the headmaster to the prefect of hall,

and returned next day. It was lost one night, I remember, and all the fags turned out with tollies or candles to hunt for it on the flint pavement, producing Rembrandtesque effects in the half-lighted court. Friday was a half-holiday if we could obtain it ; but this depended on Moberly's humour and the adroitness of the prefect of hall in finding and urging reasons. I was very lucky in my approaches to Jupiter, and owed much popularity to the consecutive half-holidays which I secured, being dexterous in soliciting and slow to take refusal. The Queen in those days presented us with a Prince or Princess once a year ; the headmaster's wife was not negligent in that respect ; here were two certain grounds of application ; so was her Majesty's birthday. Perhaps some noted Wykehamist had married, or some old boy had distinguished himself, or the senior fellow had

attained the age of ninety. Successfully I pressed the Chartist discomfiture on the 10th of April ; but when I had petitioned two months earlier on behalf of the French Provisional Government, I received from Moberly, Monarchist and Tory, a snarling "Go away" which drove me back disheartened. The half-holiday granted, we went on Hills, and the rest of the afternoon was free. In summer cricket was played till supper time, the unhappy juniors watching out ; in the dark winter afternoons we assembled in school for "Songs." Three or four toe-pans were brought in, eggs, bangy, and nutmeg beaten up, boiling beer added, and we all sat round the great school fire, *saufen und singen*, to drink the flip thus made, and to vociferate the songs which our predecessors had composed or handed down. Wonderful songs they were, in complexion mostly akin

to that which tipsy Cyril sang to the surprised girl-graduates.

“A careless tavern catch,
Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences
Unmeet for ladies.”

We sang of Ben Backstay, an ancient mariner whose head was bitten off by a shark, with a chipcho-cherry-cho-fol-di-rol-di-rido ;—of unfortunate Miss Bailey—(one of us turned her sorrows into ringing Latin verses, which I still preserve). There was a coarse “Beer song,” and an exceedingly clever “Oxford Freshman,” both the work of George Cox, who died early as a Fellow of New College, leaving behind him a masterly satire, now very scarce, called “Black Gowns and Red Coats.” “Carrion Crow” we sang, and “Young Lobsky,” quoted by Kinglake in *Eöthen*, the “Miller and his three sons,” the “Breeches and the Petticoat,” a truly remarkable idyll; the west

country "Poacher" and "Fox"; the "Three Jolly Postboys"; and a splendid carol superior to its company, "The Siege of Seringapatam." Imagine some seventy boys round a roaring fire, yelling out this queer ribaldry in unmelodious unison, dipping their pint cups into a toe-pan between each of the songs, and you have William of Wykeham's children recreating in their "softer hour."

Every saint's day was a holiday and "leave out day": they occurred nearly once a month, though we heretically bemoaned the shabby liturgical economies by which, in certain cases, two saints would club to make one holy-day. Early leave out was from 6 a.m., immediately after chapel, for boys invited to distant friends; from 2 p.m. for those whose hosts lived in the town. The early leave was a delicious experience: once a year I had a day's rabbit shooting at Mæonstoke, some ten miles off, a

group of us driving through the fresh autumn morning, in one of "Watt's traps." Mr. Keble lived at Hursley, five miles away, and to him I frequently went with a boy called Cornish, son of the author of the lines on the Redbreast, inserted in the *Christian Year*.¹ Keble was a small, simple-looking, modest-mannered man, with nothing suggestive of his great ability and fame : we spent our day rambling in Sir William Heathcote's park, rowing on his pond, and climbing the ruins of old Merdon Castle. Two of my uncles were captains in the navy ; and

¹ *Christian Year*, Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity. The stanzas are inserted for the sake of the phrase "calm decay," which Keble adopted in his poem. It is curious that he, poet and Professor of Poetry, should not have recognised the words as written by Southey in his *Occasional Pieces* thirty years before.

"The calm decay of nature, when the mind
Retains its strength."

when their ships were in harbour I had leave out to Portsmouth, petted by the officers, and made free of the splendid three-deckers with their thousand men and hundred and twenty guns, which at that time ruled the waves. I knew barristers on circuit, and officers at the barracks. Amongst the former was "Dick" Sewell, Fellow of Magdalen, whose fine poem on the Temple of Vesta won the Newdigate in 1825. He would take me into court, where Cockburn was leader, with Crowder and Serjeant Kinglake beside him; then send me to dine alone at his lodgings, where I found a roast fowl, a pint of champagne, a novel, and a tip. Of many regiments the 49th comes back to me most distinctly. All its officers, Adams, the grey-haired colonel, Faber, the senior major, who had taken honours at Oxford, Glassbrook, the adjutant, down to Powell, the ensign, who had lately

left Winchester to join, made much of us, taught us to play whist, saw to it paternally that we did not drink too much at mess. But the saturnalia of the year, for all but the senior boys, was the election week. School work ended on the Saturday, with prize-giving, a ceremony which took place privately in the Warden's library. Before me as I write is a list of those who had won prizes, or "got books," as it was called, in Moberly's handwriting. My name comes first, and is followed by that of Raynes. I had first choice, and fixed my eye on a handsomely bound copy of Keble's *Prælectiones Academicæ*. Raynes stood behind me with second choice ; I felt that he coveted the book ; so did I, but I ought to have been generous and yielded it. I was not : it is still in my library : in all these years I have never looked at it without self-reproach : I hope Raynes, now a distinguished Cam-

bridge tutor, has forgiven me. On Monday came the electors, received "ad portas" by the boys; the examinations for New College with the sham election to Winchester filled the time till Thursday, great dinners being held in hall on the last three days. Old Wykehamists came in crowds, playing cricket in Meads, at which the fags watched out, but were handsomely remunerated with tips. Each of the six electors had the privilege of nominating a "child," who received a guinea from his temporary parent, was released from fagging for the week, dined in hall at a special table, and had dessert afterwards in the Warden's house. I was child in 1844 to Newton Young, a friend of my father, who, afterwards, as sub-warden, admitted me to a fellowship at New College. The election to New College was severe as regarded the number of books demanded, and was so far a

reality, that a boy who did badly would be incapacitated ; otherwise the order of names in school was generally retained. The seniors were divided into three "Fardles" ; the old English word, as readers of *Hamlet* remember, for parcel or bundle ; "senior fardle" containing the immediate candidates for scholarships. On Thursday "Domum" finished the proceedings. Visitors came from all the country round, the regimental band played in Meads, and the boys sang Domum at intervals. The evening closed with "Domum Ball," at St. John's Rooms, the superannuated prefects being stewards. Next morning at 5.30 we all marched round court behind the second master, singing an old Latin hymn, "Jam lucis orto sidere" ; received our journey money, breakfasted together at the George, and scattered homeward.

Something should be said about the school-work. We were "suckled on Latin and weaned on Greek ;" little else was cared for. At least fifteen hours in the week were given to Latin composition ; not, strange to say, to translating into Latin, the form of exercise current and prized at Oxford, but to so-called "original" composition, writing on a given theme. On Tuesdays we composed a "Verse task," a "Prose task" on Thursdays, on Saturday a "Metre task ;" besides frequent short epigrams known as "Vulguses." In the election chamber our powers were tested by a "Varying ;"—a subject was given out by each elector ; every boy composed without pen and paper and repeated six Latin lines on the theme which he preferred. The sixth form emitted periodical "Declamations," and wrote six times in the year a "Gatherings," abbreviated to "Gags" in boy language, a Latin critique on

some Greek play or oration. Very rarely indeed a theme was given for English writing. I remember only two ; an essay on "Mercenary Warfare," and a free translation of the Nisus and Euryalus episode from the ninth *Æneid*. I sat up all night to write this last ; adopted Scott's style and metre ; became inspired towards morning, and sent in 120 lines, annexed to which I can still read, in Moberly's delicate hand, the flattering comment, "exquisitely careful, tasteful, and good." Fluency in Latin prose we certainly acquired ; to the "elegant imbecility of Latin verse" I cannot think that we were highly bounden. I recall two or three hundred boys who wrote faultless Latin verses ; I recall only three who wrote genuine Latin poetry. These three boys were poets ; they wrote poetry although they wrote in Latin, and would have been poets none the less had they never scanned a line. To all the

rest versification was a mere mechanical process, exercising hardly more influence on their taste, refinement, imagination, than would have been effected during the same period by the diligent compilation of Chinese puzzles. Dean Milman's simile is a just one ; elegant composition is a Cinderella slipper ; it fits one foot in a hundred, and the rash attempt to put it on cripples the ninety-nine for life.

We learned by heart an incredible amount of Latin. Once a year, at the end of "long" or summer half-year, came "Standing up ;" a great effort of repetition for which we had prepared ourselves during several months. The lines were said in eight lessons ; the largest achievement on record was by Algernon Bathurst, now a revising barrister, who took up 2,000 lines a lesson, 16,000 lines in all. The most remarkable effort in my time was 1,600 lines a lesson, by H. Furneaux,

known since to scholars by his admirable edition of Tacitus. Some of us crept near to hear him rattle off his lines ; Wordsworth sat smiling and twisting his ring as was his wont when pleased :—took presently the “Standing-up-paper,” on which was noted the list of authors tendered, and wrote upon it

“And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.”

I must not forget that some care was devoted to elocution, prompted by Bishop Maltby’s prizes, and by the Queen’s annual silver medals. Both these I was so fortunate as to obtain ; the first as a young boy, for reciting the famous passage from the *Giaour*, “He who hath bent him o’er the dead ;” the second as a prefect, for an oration of Burke’s. Week by week in “Easter time,” as the period was called from the beginning of April to the middle of May, all

the boys in turn recited publicly some well-known passage, being laboriously coached by the prefects :—then, as the result of these trials, a few picked boys performed at “commoner-speaking” before the Warden, masters, and invited guests. I retain the roll of commoner-speaking for 1848 ; it contains twenty-two pieces from Shakespeare, *Paradise Lost*, *Childe Harold*, Scott, Campbell, Pope, Coleridge, Thomson. My own recitation, the only one not English, was Horace’s “Ibam forte Via Sacra,” which I undertook at Moberly’s request.

Mathematics and French formed nominally part of the curriculum. The mathematical master, Desborough Walford, was a man much too good for his thankless post, struggling in vain against the fact that, his subject not counting in the school marks, no one could be expected to care for it. He

kept order in his class-room, somehow filled the time, sent in boys for the annual Duncan prizes—"senior and junior Dungy" as we called them: but I confess that I went to Winchester at twelve years old able to work a quadratic equation well, and left it at eighteen, competent to perform the same task badly; and my experience was that of most other boys. Walford had an assistant, named Minchin, on whom all manner of pranks were played. In those days straps were worn, and Minchin's trousers were strapped tightly over his unfashionable half-boots or "haves." When he stood upon a desk to light the gas, the boy nearest to him would slit the strap with a sharp penknife, and the trouser would fly up the poor man's leg. Apart from these outbreaks of what Bassanio calls "pure innocence," the mathematical room was decorous. The French class-room was

at all times a bear-garden. The master was a Monsieur Arnati ; a good fellow probably in private life, but with a capacity for furious anger, which lacked no stimulant that the fiendishness of boy malice could apply. It was thought a pungent joke at that time to say " Waterloo " to a Frenchman ; and the spell, tried on poor Arnati, never failed. Amongst his worst tormentors was a boy called Dewar. " Mossoo," he would say, " we've got a picture at home, of the battle of Austerlitz, and you are there in front on a beautiful white horse." " Now, my boy," caressingly answered the Frenchman, who had fought as a cavalry soldier on the famous 2nd of December, " is that true ?"—" No-o-o-o"—with a scream of derision ; and a single combat would ensue, Arnati striking blindly with his cane, Dewar dodging him under desks and forms, the whole class ecstatically

taking part. German was learned by a few boys, but the master, Dr. Behr, was as amiably and irrelevantly conversational as Herr Stohwasser in *Vice Versa*: such of us as came to read or speak either language in after life, did not learn them at Winchester.

The system of punishments was primitive and simple. The mildest form was Imposition, or "Impos," lines usually to be written out; a foolish invention, for it involved no discipline, and spoilt our handwriting. A random sentence of so many hundred lines was easily worked out; four quill pens deftly tied together enabling us to write four lines at once; but a definite task left no room for this. I remember Gunner, the master of "Junior Part," ordering me to write a hundred lines out of some history book.

I sat up at night writing till I was too sleepy to hold the pen, and only seventy-five lines were done. I took it to him ; he accepted and tore it, and I retreated joyous ; but his eye lighting presently on the fragments at his feet, it occurred to him that they were incommensurate with the amount specified. He called me up, and asked if the imposition was complete. Our school code justified telling lies to a master, though not to a boy ; and I unhesitatingly answered yes ; he told me to mark off on it each line ; I divided it neatly into a hundred sections, but they did not tally with the model, and I was found guilty of a complicated cheat. The next day was a saint's day ; and when the leave out roll came down, my name had been written on it but was erased ; I was "sconced leave-out." The eighth commandment, if it be the eighth which takes

*

cognisance of mendacity, was held loosely in another point. Stealing from a school-fellow, of course not money, but knives, schoolbooks, and etceteras of daily use, was known as "bagging"—"convey the wise it call"—and earned no obloquy: nay, a dexterous thief, at Winchester as at Sparta, was held in some repute. There were in commoners two famous "bagsters," K—— and G——; wagers were laid as to which would bag most articles by a given day. K—— prowled hither and thither like Bret Harte's Chinaman, beguiling casual chattels into his pocket and securing them in his toys. G—— remained inactive till the night before the day appointed, when he came down softly in the darkness, forced the lock of K——'s toys, and transferred their contents to his own.

Of course flogging was an institution

honoured by frequent observance. The implement, faithfully depicted on page 40, was composed of four apple twigs, "*quadripartita virga*," neatly bound on a wooden handle, and was invented by a certain Warden Baker in 1454; the two rods always standing erect and conspicuous in a recess of the headmaster's seat. The victim was told to "order his name"; and the prefect in course for the day took the name to the head or second master with the words "*Jussu tuo*," or "*jussu Domini. . . . detuli*." In former times these cheques, collecting through the week, were all honoured upon Friday, "*Veneris lux sanguinolenta*"; but in my day penalty followed close upon sentence. The ceremony was solemn, decorous, not—so said experts—particularly painful. Two boys manipulated the integuments of the kneeling culprit,

disclosing a handbreadth of what Shenstone calls

“His dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermin,

and to this space the operator applied his flagellum. Moberly's aim was sure, Wordsworth's aberrant ; Moberly flung down the rod when its work was done with an air of disgust ; Wordsworth looked rampant and elated like Milman's Belvidere Apollo.

“Burned his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivered with insulting ire.”

A punishment very rarely exercised was “standing under the nail” ; the criminal being elevated throughout school-time on a form beneath a peg or nail fixed in the paneling. I saw it only once ; a boy had been impertinent and the master lost his temper ; the offence was felt to be inadequate, and I believe this method of correction was never

again employed. The *ultima ratio* was expulsion. Once or twice in my experience boys were sent away, but they disappeared quietly without beat of drum. Formerly it was a very awful process. The whole school assembled in the Meads. A large gate, called "Non-licet Gate," used on these occasions only, was thrown open, the criminal's gown was stripped off, he was led out by the two senior boys, and the gate was locked against him.

The practice of "Tunding" acquired notoriety some years ago by an animated correspondence in the *Times*. It was inflicted, by prefects only, with a ground ash. It was in theory judicial ; smoking, "shirking Hills," misconduct condemned as disgraceful by school sentiment, were punished with fewer or more stripes by a senior, the offender taking off his gown, and "standing round."



NON-LICET GATE.

Tradition was rife in my time of a terrible tunding, from which the victim barely escaped with life. The worst I ever saw was inflicted

- by a college prefect on a commoner, and though nominally official, was accentuated by personal resentment. The boy made no cry, but reckoned audibly the 150 cuts as they fell ; then was for some days in danger. His father, a personage of some consequence, interfered, and the prefect was disgraced or "turned down." I remember many other cases in which the right of tunding was atrociously abused ; it was the barbarous mainstay of an iniquitous system.

I am often asked if the receptive misery of junior years did not tend naturally to aggressive cruelty when the victim—"eo immitior quia toleraverat"—found himself entitled to inflict it later on. I suspect not. It taught us to exact rigidly all the powers and privileges of seignorship ; but while a prefect naturally brutal may have been savage in proportion to his sufferings as a fag, a kind-

hearted boy, like Corporal Trim's negro girl, learned mercy by suffering persecution. Left to themselves, perhaps, the majority of boys are cruel ; but kindness to fags was part of the moral discipline directly or indirectly inculcated upon seniors by Moberly and Wordsworth, just as manumission of slaves was impressed upon our forefathers by the Church. Hence, though some prefects were merciless enough when I first went to school, and though the vengeful erasure of earlier names carved on the wall of Meads attested the hatred inspired by their owners, the bullies in my later time were not ordinarily prefects, but big boys too stupid for the sixth form, by whom all the traditions of an evil past were cherished and converted into practice. Some of these, called "Candle Keepers," held an immunity from discipline except at the hands of prefect of hall ; they were almost

without exception undesirable boys ; one or two of them were mischievous in every respect. Let me record one instance, unconnected with these, in which a case of bullying was avenged very terribly and very righteously. A certain commoner, not a prefect, had so shamefully ill-treated a very amiable junior that his friends gave notice to remove him and stated the reason. The case was investigated and the bully was expelled. Just before leaving he laid wait for and finally thrashed the innocent cause of his expulsion. The other boys had gone into school, the omnibus was at the gate, and the wretch thought himself safe ; but a little boy who witnessed the outrage hastened into school with the news ; a big strong commoner prefect named B—— rushed out, caught the criminal, and with fist and boot-leather gave him so tremendous a licking that the creature

was taken to the station bleeding, helpless, literally half-killed. "Serve him right" was the verdict of boys and masters when the story became known.

The school commissariat demands a less scanty notice than it received in Chapter II. The dinners were mutton, mutton, mutton, six days out of seven ; Wednesday was what Mr. Lowten in *Pendennis* called boiled-beef day. On the six Sundays after Easter we ate veal. On Saturday and Sunday there were puddings, of the kind known to boys as "stick-jaw" ; I never met with any one who tried them a second time. The puddings in commoners were, by comparison, delicious ; and a present of commoner pudding, brought into Sunday school, was valued as a delicate attention. It was not always so. I remember exchanging Wykehamical reminiscences with

Lord Chancellor Hatherley, who told me that in his day college puddings were choice, and commoner puddings uneatable. "We had"—he said—"a debating club which met at Wolvesey, the disused bishop's palace hard by the school ; and we expelled Sir Alexander Malet from the society because he sold his vote for a disper of college pudding."

Once a year we had apple-pie, on a day called "Warden's Om :" an abbreviation of the legend "*Custos omnes ad cœnam invitat*," the pies being provided by his liberality. On school-days in cloister time, the closing eight weeks of the long half-year, we were let out from 4.30 to 4.45 for "bever-time." The bever—a word used frequently by Elizabethan writers to signify repast—was represented by a few slices of bread laid on each of the ends in hall : for these an exciting rush took place, and I think bread never

tasted so sweet. The fellows of the college, ten amiable elderly gentlemen who drew large incomes from the foundation with corresponding duties indistinctly formulated, used to invite select parties of boys to share a "fragment." This was served after hall upon a Saturday, and consisted invariably of hashed calves' head with New College pudding. The confectioner, La Croix, was an important adjunct to the regulation provender. His shop was out of bounds, but his minion, known as La Croix's boy, frequented "blue gate," in which was a barred orifice admitting cake and pastry, purchaseable at all times of the day ; for up to a pound or so La Croix was liberal as regarded "tick." In the summer months we brewed for ourselves bottled beer ; drawing off the college swipes into wine bottles, with a raisin, some bangy, and a little rice or wheat. In a few days the

beer was effervescent, and made a delicious beverage.

A not less interesting form of "lautiores epulæ" was gooseberry fool, vended by Mother, the sick-house matron. A basin cost sixpence ; the purchaser took his choice of "husky or non-husky," one retaining the gooseberry skins, the other free from them. The sick-house itself was a picturesque cottage, controlled by Mother, the old nurse in a former headmaster's family, and Betty, a stalwart, rough-cheeked, grenadier-like but good-humoured maid. To resort thither as an invalid was called "going continent" ; the convalescent was said to "come abroad" ; if his recovery were suspiciously retarded and he was believed to be "shuffling," he was sometimes "firked abroad." For a month before election the seniors were exonerated from attending school, renting a room in

sick-house for private work. I spent my "fever-time," as it was called, in Mother's little sitting-room, in company with Walter Thursby, long since dead, regaling in the intervals of work on Stilton cheese and perry, sent as a present by some New College men whom we had hospitably entertained.

Sunday was, to quote the Princess Ida, "a day blanced in our annals" : even juniors were not much fagged until the evening. We lay in bed till seven, a "Sunday thoke" it was called ; a "hatch thoke" until eight o'clock falling only on "Founder's Comm : " or Commemoration day. The juniors on this morning cleaned the basins of the chamber, taking them out to conduit, and scrubbing them with salt to remove the dirt of the week—a process which had its drawbacks when mornings were icy or hands were

chapped. Chapel was from 8 till 9 ; then leisurely breakfast, then " Cathedral."

Thither we all walked in procession, preceded by a master, prefect of hall hovering along the line. The seniors sat near the communion rails, the juniors around the black marble tomb of William Rufus (now sacrilegiously removed lower down the choir); between the pulpit and the bishop's throne. I do not think we were much edified ; the choir was in those days a poor one ; the preaching canons, with the exception of Archdeacon Samuel Wilberforce, were a queer lot. One of them had a son in commoners, who laid a wager, and won it, that he would make his father laugh while in the pulpit. He is now an important dignitary of the Church, and would not thank me for commemorating his name. But we listened to the music, and gazed at West's great altar-piece, the " Raising

of Lazarus." I used to contemplate the bishop's throne with its high canopy of intricate carved cusps and crockets, and reflect how easy and how pleasant it would be to clamber to the topmost pinnacle : I was greatly delighted when years afterwards I read in *Barchester Towers* that Trollope, while occupying the same seat, diverted himself with the same fancy. On rare occasions the throne was tenanted by the bishop, Sumner, a fine-looking specimen of the old ornamental imposing scholarly prince-prelate. The rest of the day till four o'clock school was our own. We wrote letters home, strolled in Meads, generally rested and enjoyed ourselves.

Chapel service was at five, with a sermon. The choir, ruled by a lame master, whom we called Tyrtæus, was feeble ; till later on Moberly taught the boys to join in chants



CHAPEL.

and hymns. The sermons by Moberly and Wordsworth were a landmark in the week ; I

shall refer to them again. I am pleased to insert a picture of the old interior as it showed itself fifty years ago ; the present chapel has been greatly altered to suit the increased numbers, though I believe it even now holds only half the school. The evening was like other evenings ; hall, chambers, toytime, bed.

One curious custom ought not here to be omitted ; the institution of the " Oath." At the age of fifteen every boy was compelled to take, in chapel, in presence of the Warden and of a legal witness known as " semper testis," a solemn oath which he had copied out, to the effect that he would obey the statutes, maintain the privileges, and keep the secrets of the college, would reveal conspiracies concerning it, and in case of expulsion would renounce all actions or appeals against the authorities of

the school. Its exaction was probably illegal, and it was discontinued, but not till after I left school. I swore to it in my turn, and still possess my copy of it.

The topic of Winchester slang would require a volume to itself. The interest of that queer and voluminous *argot* lies in the antiquity of the words used, rather than in their etymological value. "Notions" they are called to-day, but in my time the phrase did not exist; a few only are traceable. Amongst them is "tug," perhaps the commonest in use. If a boy uttered a truism, or related a well-known fact, he was met with a cry of "Tugs!"; a condensation of "Teach your grandmother to suck eggs." From this came the adjective "tug," nearly equivalent to *trite*, applied to anything stale or familiar.

The word passed to Eton, whose scholars were at one time called "tug-muttons" or "tugs," in compliment to their daily food. "Cud" meant beautiful, attractive, pleasant. It was applied indifferently to a pretty girl or boy, a warm fire, a well-bound book, a choice trousers pattern, a succulent fruit. It was the old English *couth*, well-known and so pleasing, as distinguished from *uncouth*, strange and so repulsive. The terminal *d* is represented in "unked," a rustic term made classical by Cowper, which means unpleasant and uncomfortable. To "sconce" or deprive (p. 103), was from O. E. *sconce*, a poll-tax, hence any mulct or fine. "Nipperkin," a beer jug (p. 52), was the diminutive of *nipper*, itself from *nip*, O. E. for a draught or sip, as a "nip of brandy." "Sus" was of course short for sustenance, "sog" for sovereign, "shig" for shilling—a

charity sermon was called a "shig sermon" ; —"brigs" for breeches ; "haves" for half-boots ; "scob" is box reversed ; "disper" (p. 113) was from Latin *dispertio*, to distribute. "Frowt," angry, was probably cognate to *frown*. "Firk," to expel or eject (p. 115) is Shakespearian. "Splice" is the German *spleitzen*, to split. To "splice a pitch up" was to *scatter* a group of boys. To "splice a ball" was to *part from it* by throwing it up. Why "pitch up" should mean a group, and should also have done duty for the home circle ; why "lobster" should mean to shed tears, "thoke" (p. 116) to sleep, "mug" to study ; why "brum" should stand for impecunious ; why public praise from a master should be known as a "genuine" ; why a pebble should be called a "hollis," a small piece of paper a "vessel," a piece of

hardened dough a "ponto," a blow on the head a "con," a box on the ear (p. 33) a "clow," are mysteries which, in the absence of contemporary clue to their origin, cannot perhaps be even conjecturally solved.

CHAPTER IV.

MEN.

“Let us now praise famous men.”

Proper Lesson for Founder's Days from Eccles. xliv. 1.

THE Winchester of my period would not be complete without some notice of its personalities, whether in the ranks of masters or of boys. Foremost among all was the Warden, ROBERT SPECKOTT BARTER. A “great broad-shouldered genial Englishman,” his goodly bulk and stature typified the grand honesty of purpose, overflowing kindliness of heart, consistent loftiness of character, which dwarfed men far abler intellectually in the presence of this ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν. His school and

college fame as a cricketer survives in the word "barter," universally applied by Wykehamists to the pitch of ball known



WARDEN BARTER.

elsewhere as a "half-volley," from the tremendous hits which it afforded to his bat. Travelling once outside the coach in Devonshire he had for companion an ill-con-

ditioned, half-tipsy soldier, who molested with foul language a woman sitting beside him. Barter ordered him to be silent, the man answered coarsely ; Barter lifted him by his waistband, and held him off the coach over the road at arm's length till he yelled for mercy. A parishioner of his brother Charles Barter of Sarsden, shepherd to the squire, Mr. Langston, was famous for his unrivalled power of lifting hurdles. Barter asked to see the feat ; the man collected and raised a formidable mass. Barter bid him add half-a-dozen more, picked them up and walked off with them. He told me once that he was a Winchester under-master when the Allied Sovereigns visited Oxford in 1814. The day of their appearance in the theatre was a Remedy, but the days before and after were school days, and Barter was due in school. He came out of school in the after-

noon, walked to Oxford, getting in early in the morning, went to the theatre and saw the whole, dined and started back to Winchester, walking all night, and arriving in time for morning school. He was exceedingly hospitable to the boys, entertaining almost all in turn, ever greeting them as they came in with his cheery proverbial "How's your father?" He was, in fact, φιλόξενος in the widest sense; "Come and dine with me" was ever on his lips when, strolling through the streets, gloveless and with unbrushed hat, he encountered an old Wykehamist or a county neighbour; his pleasant housekeeper, "Mother Bovey," as we called her, never knew till within an hour or two for what number she might be called upon to provide. He was at home with all ages and with all professions; old gentlemen of to-day, quartered anciently with their regiments in Winchester, still break

forth into affectionate reminiscences when they hear his name. When the annual cricket matches at Lord's were exchanged for alternate matches at their respective schools between Eton and Winchester, he always entertained the Eton Eleven. Bidding farewell to his opponents after their first match, the Eton captain said—"We beat you in most things—in buildings, in playing field, in comforts, in numbers ;—but we have no one at Eton fit to hold a candle to your Warden " He was least effective in the pulpit ; his sermons were devout and earnest, but they lacked the literary finish of Moberly's and the electric force of Wordsworth's. He constantly drew on former stores ; here was at discourse on the "Witch of Endor " which we came to welcome as an old friend ; and it is on record that once going hurriedly into chapel, and snatching the uppermost docu-

ment from his drawer, he possessed himself of a sermon which he had preached in his father's country parish, and found himself presently exhorting the bewildered boys to bring their wives to the Communion as soon as possible after they had been churched. One other I recall, of much pathos and sweetness. The text was—"Son, remember"—with an appeal to the memories of home and parents as a talisman against temptation. We heard it more than once or twice ; on a certain occasion Moberly, whose preaching turn had come, was ill, and sent to beg that the Warden would take his place. Barter went to him in some distress—"There is no time to write a sermon ; I have one which would do, but I have delivered it several times—you have heard it—the text is 'Son, remember.' " "It will do admirably," said Moberly,—“only change one word ;



DR. MOBERLY.

instead of ‘Son, remember,’ let it be—‘Son, forget!’”

Graceful, brilliant, universally accomplished, morbidly refined, DR. MOBERLY the headmaster was as unlike the Warden as one good man can differ from another. The boys thought him a little unreal, affecting Arnoldisms in his talk and letters. Like Mr. F.'s aunt, he hated a fool, and omitted to conceal the fact ; so that people outside his own immediate set were afraid of him ; the bluff old Wykehamist squires and parsons who saw their ideal fulfilled alike in the virtues and the foibles of the Warden, were alarmed and repelled by Moberly's cold superiority of manner and stinging incisiveness of tongue. He was not, specifically, a good teacher, wandering away from the text of the book we were reading into historical, philosophical, literary disquisitions, which were deeply interesting and valuable, but were not "*la guerre* ;"—with the result that our purely grammatical

knowledge, our "scholarship," on which in the forms below Wordsworth had lavished all his powers, rusted during our work with him. So too in our Latin verses he cared more for beauty of thought than for felicity of diction, for the "purum *antiquæ* lucis jubar:" those of my own old verse tasks which still bear his complimentary brand of "*Bene*," earned it, as I now see, by merit of sentiment rather than of expression. The themes he set were singularly various and good; I subjoin some of them in the Appendix.

He was intolerant of opinions differing from his own; in a Latin essay on the quarrel between Charles and the Parliament, he was venomously angry with a boy who argued in favour of the Parliament. Nothing more pleased him than an apt quotation by any boy in class, or "up to Books." I remember his delight when I once declaimed in answer to

his appeal Sir John Denham's fine antithesis on the river Thames. He was great in Horace's Satires, not in the Odes; and in Juvenal. Pindar was his favourite; but his translations were too exquisite and far-fetched for human nature's daily food. I once tried to reproduce in the election chamber his rhapsodical construe of the first Pythian Ode; but when I came to render *βάσις ἀγλαίας ἀρχά* by "Step, the Queen of Joy," the Warden of New College, Williams, staring at me sourly, thundered out "Talk English, Sir!" His Greek Testament lectures were a rare treat; in them disquisition was altogether appropriate: I can see him walking up and down before the form, pouring out a rich stream of talk which we eagerly scrawled down. I still possess his notes on the Gospels, written out from rough shorthand as they were delivered. We owed to him besides some admirable Shakespeare

readings, delivered in hall by a professional named Russell whom he brought down. I recall the two parts of *Henry IV.*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*. His sermons in chapel were beyond all praise :— the voice a sweet musical instrument, language flowing like a river, earnestness of delivery, perhaps one part artistic but certainly three parts real, made a harmony which the printed sermons cannot reproduce, except to those who recover as they read them his witchery of look and tone.

Laus illi debetur, et a me gratia major :

As I think of him in chapel and in school : as I look upon his beautiful recumbent figure in Salisbury Cathedral, I send after him into the Silent Land a stream of gratitude, affection, admiration.

The second master was CHARLES WORDSWORTH. The recent publication of his

Annals has widely popularised his name. They paint him foremost in repute and



CHARLES WORDSWORTH.

promise amongst the brilliant undergraduates of the most brilliant decade in this century ;

as the intimate and in some cases the tutor of Gladstone, Manning, Hope, Acland, Canning, Lord Lincoln, Henry Liddell, the two Palmers, Edward Twisleton, Eardley Wilmot :—as the best scholar, oar, cricketer, skater, of his generation ; the author of a Greek grammar which drove all rivals from the field ; the master who regenerated Winchester as Arnold regenerated Rugby. Winning the Latin Ode at Harrow, at Oxford the Latin Verse, he was beyond all men of his time “*durus componere versus*,” an adept in Greek and Latin versification. It is not the highest literary achievement ; it bespeaks the student rather than the poet, but it is genuine within its limits. There are minds which lack sympathy with nature, yet surrender themselves to the impressions of art : beauty must come to them not as Eve to Adam, in naked loveliness, but clothed in a language perfect of its kind, a language long studied

and dearly loved, whose lightest phrase or line wakes cultured associations, charged with the full force and magic of the whole literature which embalms it. Given the educational leisure necessary not only for prolonged study but for practical imitation of great masters in the admired tongue, and we have productions like Wordsworth's *Mexico*. Of *passion*, which is the essence of poetry, they are destitute ; their *elegance* is consummate. And the corollary, that accomplished classical versifiers rarely write good English poetry, is by him exemplified. Of his tributes to the native muse not one, except as his, is worth preserving ; his English translation of Lowth's *Cara Vale* is puerile, his Greek rendering almost equal to the original. Whatever of noble thought, of touching sentiment, of transient humour, gained access to his mind, came draped in Greek or Latin. His grief at

his wife's death found expression in a perfect Latin couplet, untranslatable, unsurpassable. The little notes he sent sometimes from his seat in school to Moberly, teaching at the other end of the vast room, were Greek or Latin epigrams. He once found me, a boy of fourteen, sitting alone in school, reading a book and eating "plain-cake." He sat down by me, talked about the book, and shared laughingly a few morsels of my confection. Next day came from La Croix's a pile of sponge cake and cream, with the line

δέξαι, πλακοῦντος ἀντιδωρεάν, τόδε.

As he lay wakeful in an attack of illness, he translated the morning and evening hymns of Ken and Keble into Latin sapphics and elegiacs. Roundell Palmer's fine lines on Winchester were reshaped as he read them into ringing Greek trochaics. His very

inscriptions in hotel books when on a tour were classical. Here is one which in his book he tries in vain to recover, remembering three lines only and remembering them wrong. Curiously enough I transcribed them from the Grimsel book many years ago, recognising them as his.

*χωρεῖν, καθεύδειν, ἐσθίειν, πίνειν, πάλιν
χωρεῖν, "βαβαιὰξ ὡς καλὸν" κεκραγένοι,
κοντὸν τρίπηχυν χερσὶν οἰακοστροφεῖν,
Γαλλιστὶ βάζειν, τοῦνομ' ἐν βίβλῳ γράφειν,
ὀμβροφόρον ὡς τὰ πλεῖστα δυσφημεῖν Δία,
τοιῶσδ' ὁ βίσιός ἐστι τῶν ὁδοιπόρων.*

For the sake of "fellows without Greek," as the Rev. Dr. Folliott calls them, I append a translation,

To walk, to sleep, to eat, to drink,
To cry "How lovely, don't you think?"
To wield a six-foot alpenstock,
Talk French, write name in Grimsel book,
To curse the rain's incessant pour,
The pleasures these of foreign tour.

His influence was soon felt at Winchester. By a compact with the prefects private prayers were established in chambers ; communions became frequent, and the preparation for them prolonged and real ; acts of recognised dishonesty in school work such as plagiarism in composition, of special cruelty in fagging, such as kicking in at football, were abandoned ; well-filled bookcases were set up in chambers and at sick-house ; a "reading public" was created, the high tone of Rugby was emulated, its self-sufficiency on the whole avoided. He raised the scholarship no less than the morality of the school. Not that in this it was relatively deficient : "Eton boatmen, Harrow gentlemen, Westminster blackguards, Winchester *scholars*," was the popular cognominal discrimination of the four great schools to which in the beginning of the century academic primacy was con-

ceded ; and his Greek Grammar, embodying recent scholarship and lucid of conception for boys, though adopted on its publication by every school of consequence except Eton, had been distilled orally from his lips amongst the boys of " middle part " before it was given to the world. Twice he overstrained his influence. He organised compulsory singing classes under Hullah's superintendence, and for a time the novelty pleased ; but when it appeared that the time allotted to them was to be carved out of the hours of play, distaste swiftly ripened, poor Mr. Hullah was hissed in class, and with the Parthian shot of a stinging Latin epigram from the second master, the enterprise collapsed. He tried to impose periodical confession on the younger boys ; but revolt on the part of the seniors, who discerned in the scheme dangerous inquisitorship, was immediate and decisive.

Coker Adams, one of his pets, revealed to him the storm that he had raised, and he wisely relinquished his project.

His weak point as a master was favouritism : strong personal like and dislike were in him an idiosyncrasy. If he "spited" a boy, he hunted him down remorselessly ; if he loved him, he would champion him through grave misdemeanours. He defended the practice in a sermon by the example of the Patriarch, who "loved Joseph more than all his children" ; the only consequence being that his *protégés*, hitherto designated by a coarser name, were known thenceforth as "Joes." Nor was he discriminating in his treatment of culprits. Whoever offended against the law in one point was in his judgment guilty of all ; he had no sliding scale of wrath or punishment for the varieties of venial or aggravated delinquency ; he

always chastised with scorpions. These were spots in the sun ; the faults of a noble earnest nature, tilting against every form of evil, intolerant of all that fell below its own high standard. The fact emerges that in nine years he gave to the school a tone of thoughtful unaffected piety which long survived his rule ; that a life of Christian boyhood was made possible and easy, both to those who passed under his sceptre, and to long succeeding school generations, who reaped unconsciously the moral gain of his splendid teaching and example.

He was at all times exceedingly kind to me. He would sometimes send for me in the evening to read poetry aloud to him, "non sine divite vena" of acknowledgment in the form of tips. I remember one night reading *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, when he stopped me at the "fair Melrose" lines, to

describe his visit to the ruins with his uncle the poet and Sir Walter Scott. I met him rarely in later life ; but I happened to review his *Annals* in a London newspaper. He was pleased with the notice, begged the name of the writer, and there followed a delightful correspondence filled with varied memories. The last letter I received from him was a new year greeting, with its closing wish for many happy years—" multos felices annos, ultimum felicissimum "— He has entered on his " annus ultimus " ;—" felicissimus " beyond all doubt, if righteous living and devoted service to the Master Worker in this world can bespeak felicity in the next.

The " minores ignes " may be permitted to twinkle briefly. Amongst them was Sissmore, known as " Skizzy," the senior fellow, patriarch of living Wykehamists,

who still tottered into chapel on saints' days. He retained the broad *a* (=ar) pronunciation of an older generation. "Eloquar an *silearm*," he is reported to have addressed the boys in a rebellion, to be met with the retort "silly ass" (*sileas*). In reading the Prayer for the Church Militant he was wont to petition "Give grass (grace) we beseech thee to all bishops and curates"; when lively Miss Gabell in the ladies' tribune or pew was heard to say—"They wouldn't be satisfied with that, would they?"

Then there was "Mad Hoskins," the eccentric Wykehamist Somersetshire squire, who descended on us from time to time. Once during a Parliamentary election he made his appearance at Domum, wearing a Master of Arts gown with a blue scarf and cap—the Conservative colours—in which costume he had travelled down by train,

haranguing the public at each station out of his carriage window. He was a friend of my father : I once staid with him at his place, North Perrott, and a more charming host could not be found. We rode together through the beautiful neighbourhood, his groom galloping on to some country house to announce that we should lunch or dine there.

There was again "Wise Watkin" the chaplain, who preached always, and always the same sermon, on Gunpowder Plot Day. "A letter was sent, couched in ambiguous terms, and who should decipher it but the king himself." "Dark was the night—dark was the lantern—but darker was the deed !" There was his colleague Swanton, known as "Buggy Swinx" ; Swinx short for Swanton ; Buggy, because driving into the town one day he stopped to speak with a waggish

friend who while conversing chalked "for sale" on the back of his equipage; nor could poor Swinx understand why all his acquaintance arrested him to know how much he wanted for his buggy. He was a tall silvery-haired handsome man, remarkably like recumbent Jesse in the east window of chapel: he intoned the prayers with a celerity which I have never heard equalled. He too had his favourite sermon, on Apollos. "May we not all," he would say, "be glorious Apolloses?" oblivious of Webbe's fine glee, familiar to his tittering hearers. There was Fred. Wickham, second master after Wordsworth, whom the boys called Black Jack; kindly, amiable, gentlemanlike, convivial; but moving on a lower plane, moral, intellectual, spiritual, than his great predecessor. I can only catalogue a crowd of inconsiderables:—Cock Harris the doctor,

“Lavvy of the Navvy,” a retired naval lieutenant who used to hang about Meads, Pig Huntingford, Seedy Prior, Squeeps Gunner, Growler Adams,—fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.

Of my contemporaries in the school, rather a small proportion attained distinction in after life. Ridding became headmaster of Winchester, Faber of Malvern, Wickham of Wellington: I reckon up two English bishops, and one “returned empty” from the Colonies. Two of Her Majesty’s Judges sate frequently at my scob, good fellows both, but not markedly clever: I wonder if one of them remembers writing a poem on Marathon, containing the brilliant couplet

“Callimachus the Polemarch on the right
Led on his foaming squadrons to the fight.”

One boy, much older than myself, became a

Cabinet Minister in Mr. Disraeli's Government; another, my junior, now sits in Parliament as that *rara avis* a Radical country gentleman. Oxford mourned last year the death of Canon Freeling of Merton, a man well beloved throughout his blameless life alike at school and college. "Sam Gardiner," now the eminent historian, sate in the same row with me. He was commoner champion for the Goddard scholarship in 1847, and was beaten hollow by Cyril Lipscomb, who never distinguished himself again, but passed through life, as the Bastard Faulconbridge refused to do, with that one laurel leaf sticking in his ear. Two well-known scientists, Dr. Philip Sclater and Canon Norman, began I daresay their researches in "double hedge row" or in the Itchen tributaries. But the naturalist *par excellence* was FRANK BUCKLAND. Short and broad-

shouldered, with a shock head of chestnut hair, ruddy cheeks, eyes sparkling with fun—the only boyish feature preserved in the portrait of the man—“Fat Buckland” or



FRANK BUCKLAND.

“Old Buckland,” as he was called, was a universal favourite. Every one brightened with amusement at the sound of his loud

voice and merry laugh, and the tremendous view halloo which was wont to precede and announce his coming. Fast and furious was the fun in going home with him from Winchester on the coach-top; the quiet streets of Newbury and Abingdon, the summit of Ilsley Downs, the shades of Bagley Wood, echoing with his jokes, his great post-horn, his chaff of passers by, and the songs he elicited from purple-faced old Stephens the coachman. Fond of school work he was not; he was in fact looked upon as a "thick," and his compulsory fagging experiences had given him a distaste for games; his delight was to study the habits of live animals and to examine their structure when dead. A buzzard, an owl, and a racoon, successively tenanted his locker in "Moab." A regiment of tame jackdaws, whom he fed with bread and milk from

sick-house, owned him as their patron. I remember his once catching a rook, and liberating it with a pair of bands tied round its neck, like the Parson Rook in *Cock Robin*, to the visible consternation of the fowls that flew in the open firmament of heaven. His hedgehogs kept open a perpetual fosse at the base of Meads wall; and a good deal of agility was generated one day by his appearance in school, just as we were standing up for the entrance of the master, brandishing a bottle of ammonia, and proclaiming that the viper had got loose. He brought back with him one half year a large white rat, which used to nestle in his bosom or sleeve; escaping, and contracting alliances with the old brown rats of founder's kin behind the wainscoting, it peopled the school ere long with a race of piebalds. He was a dexterous taxidermist,

and might be seen on half-holidays in deserted Moab, plying his scalpel and surrounded by an odour of corrosive sublimate ; the subjects being cats, which he snared in their passage through the confectioner's orifice in blue-gate, bats nesting in a hollow plane tree down in Meads, and moles, of whose skins he constructed a very comfortable waistcoat. On saints' days he attended the Winchester hospital, obtaining from the house-surgeon gruesome fragments of humanity in exchange for eels and trout ; he talked medical language, and treated confiding boys professionally. R——, a commoner with a curiously shaped head, used to relate with a slight shiver that he had overheard Buckland muttering to himself—"What wouldn't I give for that fellow's skull !" Applying for admission to sick-house on behalf of a patient who had partaken too generously of husky

gooseberry fool, he informed the surprised master that the boy had a "stricture of the colon." He was wont to offer sixpence to any junior who would allow himself to be bled ; and he treated surgically a football-wounded shin, the property of one D——, with such results, that the limb, when shown eventually to a doctor, was pronounced to be in imminent danger of amputation.

He was a shameless and successful poacher. He used to take me off Hills when he was a prefect, carrying a rod for show, but his sleeve filled with deadlier "wires," invisible in the water, and so passed easily over the head of the unsuspecting trout as it lay under the bank. A spot there was where hurdles had collected leaves and silt in a narrow stream, a sure abode of eels. I used to strip, jump in, agitate the hurdles, and dislodge the eels, for which Buckland lay in wait. One other of his exploits, by

which trout were extracted from the "Log-pond" streams permeating the college, through certain *foramina* not intended by their architect for angling purposes, my chaste muse refuses to particularise. Trout moreover could be "tickled" as well as wired: ascending the tiny open channels which flushed the main rivers, and lying with their heads against the stream, they were approached softly from behind, the fingers passed caressingly up their spotted sides until the gills were reached, when a sudden clutch secured and landed them. All this involved much trespassing and hedge-breaking, and vexed the righteous soul of Farmer Bridges—"Brodger" as we called him—who rented the meadows, and often appeared in person to remonstrate. Remonstrate, except at a distance, he could not: for he wore a pair of brick-red gaiters which advertised his approach from afar, and he was

no match for our agility and speed. Once indeed he caught us, bringing with him labourers whom he disposed strategically behind trees and hedges, and who closed in upon us unexpectedly with one accord. We were between the devil and the deep sea—between Brodger and a deep part of the river known as “Goldfinch’s.” “We must swim for it, Tuckwell,” said Frank, and in we went. Our sleeves were crammed with fish : comatose through exile from their native element, they revived on restoration to it. “By Jove,” bubbled Frank as we swam, his mouth half full of water, “my trout have come alive.” “So have mine, by Jove,” I answered, and they kicked and floundered impedingly. However, we reached the further bank, emerged dripping like two water-gods, and securely paid our compliments across the river to Brodger and his grinning satellites. I was with Frank one

evening when we found, washed into a back eddy behind "Waterman's hut," an enormous dog, drowned many days before, and swollen by immersion to portentous hideousness. With a yell of joy he sent me to pull up one of Brodger's hurdles, on which we laid the monster and carried him back to college in the dusk. We were confronted at outer gate by old Poole the porter, who protested against the entrance of the carrion. Luckily "Dungy," the bellringer, came by : stimulated by a shilling, he unlocked for us the belfry door, and we haled our exuding carcass to the top of the tower, and laid him out upon the leads. Slowly he decomposed, his exhalations soaring upward and afflicting nobody, Frank visiting him from time to time to see how his symptoms sagashuated, till on the last morning of the half he "numbered the bones," like Tennyson's Rizpah, and took them home in a carpet-bag.

The boy was father of the man. He developed into the most popular and amusing of public lecturers, a prolific and lively writer, a material benefactor to commerce by his preservation of Scotch and English salmon, an accepted referee whenever strange revelations or novel puzzles presented themselves in the world of nature. His house in Albany Street became one of the sights of London ; but to enter it presupposed iron nerves and a stomach like those of Horace's reapers. Iron nerves,—for, introduced at once to some five and twenty poor relations, exempt from shyness, and deeply interested in your dress and person, you felt with Jaques in the play, as if another flood were toward, and the animals were parading for admission. *Dura ilia*,—for the genius of experiment, supreme in all departments of the house, was nowhere so active as at the dinner-table. His guests were made

familiar with panther chops, rhinoceros pie, bison steaks, kangaroo ham, horse's tongue, elephant's trunk :—with whale and tripang, stewed whelks and land snails, roasted hedgehog, potted ostrich. Readers of his life will remember such entries in his diary as—"seedy from lump fish"—"very poorly indeed, effects of horse"—and will have sympathised with a departing visitor who notes—"tripe for dinner, don't like crocodile for breakfast."

He was the Samson of science; the "Sunny One" among *savants*, as was Manoah's son among Shophetim: roars of genial laughter accompany the heroism and the feats of both. And he passed in a manner rare if not unique behind the veil which parts us from the brute creation. He understood their gestures and expression as we interpret those of one another, and they understood him in their turn. The creatures

at the Zoo, the beasts at Jamrach's, the pets at home, seemed to know him in a human fashion. Several of his monkeys pined and died of grief after his death. His own dying words—"God is so good to little fishes that I do not think he will let their inspector suffer shipwreck"—touchingly illustrate his identity of feeling with them. Science has numbered very many greater sons; none more simple, modest, blameless; none more genial, more humane, or more beloved.

Hic finis fandi! with him end my reminiscences. Young Wykehamists, or haply non-Wykehamists, reading them, will find it difficult to believe that such a life was lived by sons of English gentlemen only half a

century ago. And yet I do not hold it up to wholesale condemnation. Given the initial blunder of leaving a mob of boys to self-government during great part of the day, the system of fagging was perhaps the best corrective that could be applied. Accepting tyranny as inevitable, it at any rate provided that the tyrants should be not the biggest, oldest, strongest, but the *best* boys in the school, so far as excellence could be assured by superiority of sixth-form intelligence and attainment; and on these grounds two eminent headmasters, Dr. Arnold and Dr. Moberly, publicly defended it. But its effect upon the morale of those submitted to it was disastrous. Slavery warps the character both of slave and master, and slavery is the only word which summed the three years' experience of a college junior. Its details, whether cruel or grotesque, were all so con-

trived as to stamp upon the young boy's mind his grade of servile inferiority, and his dedication to the single virtue of abject unquestioning obedience. Nothing was more resented by the seniors than the faintest manifestation of independent feeling on the part of any fag. No maxim was oftener cited than the unwritten law that a boy was not allowed "to think" until he had twenty juniors. Any one who showed tacit dislike of the degradations he endured, or even a desire to retain in spite of them some fragments of that refinement and self-respect which he brought from home, was designated "spree," and to be spree was to be a mark for spite and insult from every one senior to one's self. And yet so inscrutable is boy nature, so intense its natural conservatism, so passionately unreasoning its devotion to the thing which is, that I believe any attempt from without

to annul these time-honoured abominations would have met with bitter opposition as well from the juniors who were their victims as from the seniors who inflicted them.

Yet let me once more acknowledge in conclusion the admirable tone produced ultimately amongst the older boys by the influence of distinguished and high-minded masters. Moberly and Wordsworth made us prigs ; they made us premature High-Churchmen ; but they made us religious, lofty, above all things *pure* : the deadliest evil which besets boarding school life was in my time at Winchester reduced to a minimum if not extinguished : of my own intimates in the sixth form at school and afterwards at Oxford I cannot recall one who failed to live upon the whole morally unscathed through the dangerous years of opening adolescence. Such an achievement may well have covered

a multitude of sins. I can afford in looking back to see the humorous side of early Winchester hardships ; I retain undying gratitude for the subtler influences of what with all its drawbacks was a great and splendid school. Old abuses, I am told, are swept away ; fagging, as I remember it, exists no longer ; the boys who eat the founder's bread to-day are not favoured nominees, but are chosen by severest competition into a company of brilliant comrades. If to their immunity from cruelty and their picked scholarship they add moral stainlessness and religious principle, they are—what we were not—amongst the happiest and the most nobly nurtured boys in England.

APPENDIX.

ORATIO "AD PORTAS." *July 10, 1848.*

Iterum, Hospites amplissimi, mœnia nostra annua hac frequentia celebrata accedentes, gratulationem nostram et nostrorum qualemcunque benigno animo, precamur, accipiatis. Quum enim, annis volventibus, plurimi vos et antecessores vestros omni ardore animorum et reverentia ex hoc loco prosecuti sint, tum haud scio an nosmet hoc anno insignioris gratiæ causis super ceteros perfrui videamur. Quid enim utrisque nostrum gratius esse possit, quam ut, cum per totam Europam¹ humanæ societatis compages pæne dissolvi videatur, antiqua corruat disciplina, auctoritas legum in desuetudinem abierit, ipsa Fidei et Religionis vincula pro nihilo habeantur; nos, veteris hujusce et verendi Instituti alumni, ipsius Pacis, Legum, Antiquitatis, ut ita dicam, filii, Vos his sub mœnibus, more majorum, summa spe et securitate excipiamus. Quippe, Hospites,

¹ The Continental Revolutions of 1848.

non modo ex publica pace et Civitatis disciplina florent et conservantur insignia ista Patriæ instituta, quorum in primis viget Collegium hoc nostrum, verum ipsa hæc Instituta pacem istam et Civitatem summopere alunt, ornant, tuentur. Hinc exeunt, tanquam ex equo Trojano, meri illi Proceres, qui vel in Ecclesia Antistites,—qualis erat Ille nunquam non summa Wiccamicorum reverentia prosequendus, optimus Fidei propugnator et suorum Pater, ὁ μακαρίτης Howleius¹—, vel in Republica Senatores,—qualis est Vir ille egregius ad Senatum ab Academia cooptatus Wiccamicus,²—patriam nostram consiliis adjuvant, exemplo ornant, pietate tutantur. Utinam his mœnibus nunquam deficiat talis soboles : utinam hinc usque ad ultimum tempus juvenes continuo egrediantur, qui vel vitæ exemplo, vel sapientia, vel (si ita, quod Deus avertat, opus sit), armorum vi et fortitudine, patriam defendant.

Verum non desunt plurimæ proprii magis et privati gaudii causæ : etenim fortunam illam infaustam, quam alias quasdam sedes morbo et funere affecisse dolemus, nos ipsi omnino, sic Deo placuit, effugimus, ut jam pæne per biennium prospera valetudine usi simus. Modo diuturnum sit istud beneficium :—ne nos, saltem nostra ipsorum culpa, gratiam Dei Opt : Max : a nobis averti mereamur.

Nec jam insignes illos viros, qui matrimonii gaudia

¹ Archbishop Howley, a Wykehamist, lately dead.

² Sir Robert Inglis, Wykehamist, lately elected M.P. for Oxford University.

jam nuper tentarunt, negligamus : quorum alter¹ in hoc Collegio officiis inter primos fungitur, alter² Virum inter nostros maxime reverendum genitorem refert. Quibus igitur gratulationes summas referamus ; verasque spes addamus, ut ambo, omni lætitia domestica beati, et doloribus, quantum homini liceat, carentes, securam vitam, senectutem honoratissimam, exequantur.

Restat denique, ut Rei Wiccamicæ gratulemur, commemorando victorias illas et præmia, Wiccamicorum industriæ et studiis nuper apud Academiam reddita. Quum enim nostrorum gloriam auribus lætis semper accipiamus, tum maxime gratum accidit, tandem aliquando Academicis innotuisse Wiccamicorum decus, et merita diutius recondita. Novam hanc famam futuræ laudis radicem et fundamentum esse speramus ;

ὁ γὰρ λόγος

ταύταις ἐπὶ συντιχίαις δόξαν φέρει,

λοιπὸν ἔσσεσθαι, στεφάνοισι σὺν ἵπποις τε κλυτὰν,

καὶ σὺν εὐφώνοις θαλίαις ὀνομαστὰν,

εὐανδρόν τε, χάραν.

Accedatis igitur, Hospites amplissimi, animis benignis hæc mœnia. Utinam vos opera nostra continua benevolentia spectetis ;—nos autem, vestris auspiciis læti, hoc ultimum laboris periculum securi conficiamus.

¹ F. Wickham, Second Master.

² Henry Williams, son to the Warden of New College, better known as "Dick Turpin."

II. THEMES SET BY DR. MOBERLY.

Verse.

Mare mortuum.
Aurea ætas.
Mures.
Hellespontus.
Ursæ.
Nova Zelandia.
Margaritæ.
Insula Sanctæ Helenæ.
Via Planetarum.
Vis electrica.
Euphrates.
Arminius.
Furiis agitatus Orestes.
Antigone fratrem inhumatum obsequiis decorat.
Bombyx.
Petrus Eremita.
Mors Arturi, regis Britannicæ.
Magna Charta.
Totum cognovimus amnem.
Omina.
Mors Caroli Primi.
Rabies Canina.
Christianus ad Leones.

Prose.

Quid sit id quod Anglice "Taste" vocatur.

Instrumenta Musica.

Animal Instinct.

The Slave Trade.

An Eloquentia disciplina tradi possit.

De arte Anglice reddendi quæ Græce vel Latine inscripta
sunt.

Explicatur in epistola Horologii constructio.

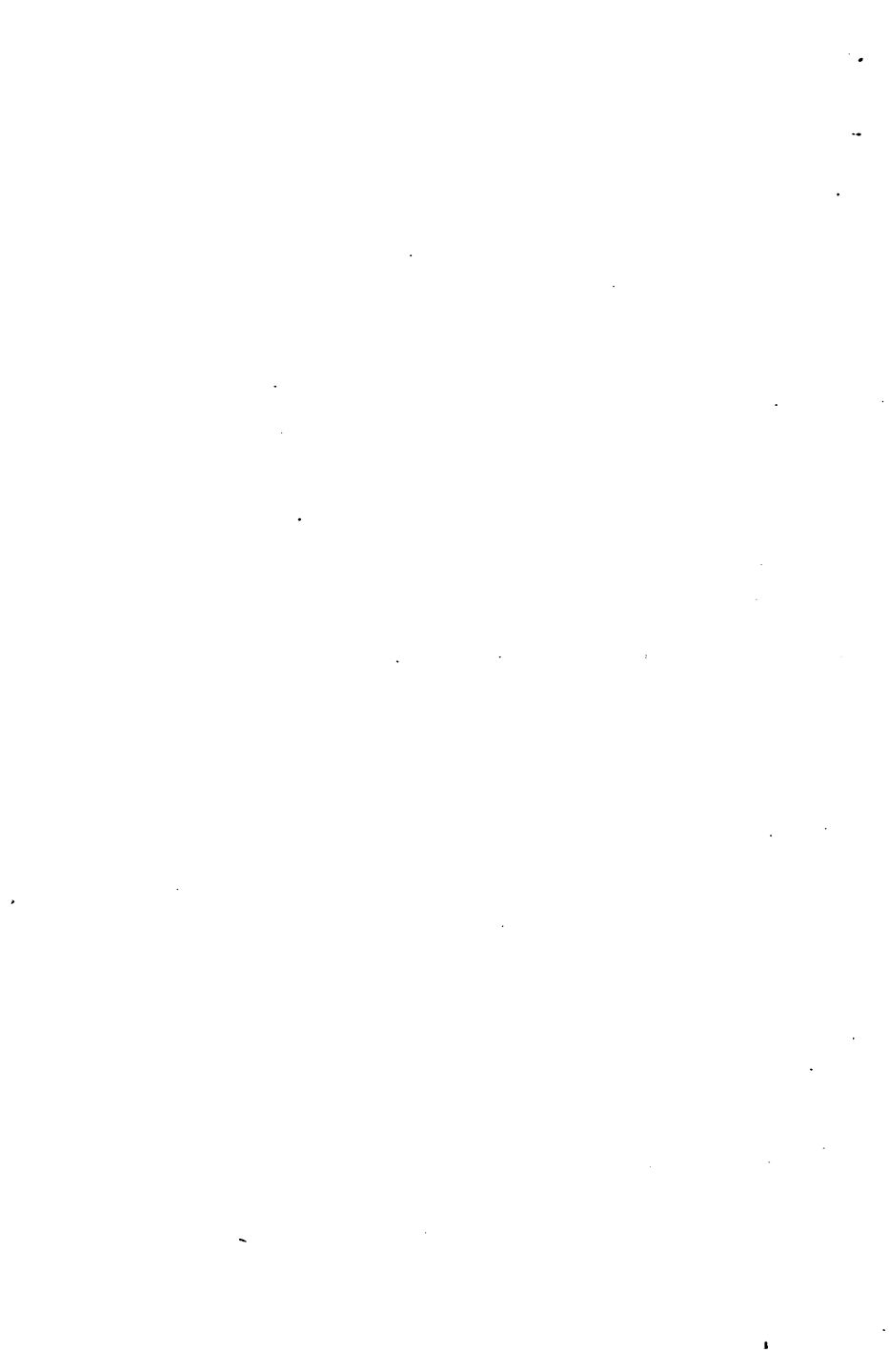
Signa immortalitatis in Naturæ operibus exhibetur.

Vitaque mancipio nulli datur, omnibus usu.

Annon perfecta Libertas in summa servitute constet.

Conscientia Dei lampas in pectoribus hominum.

An vivida imaginandi vis prosit Historico.



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